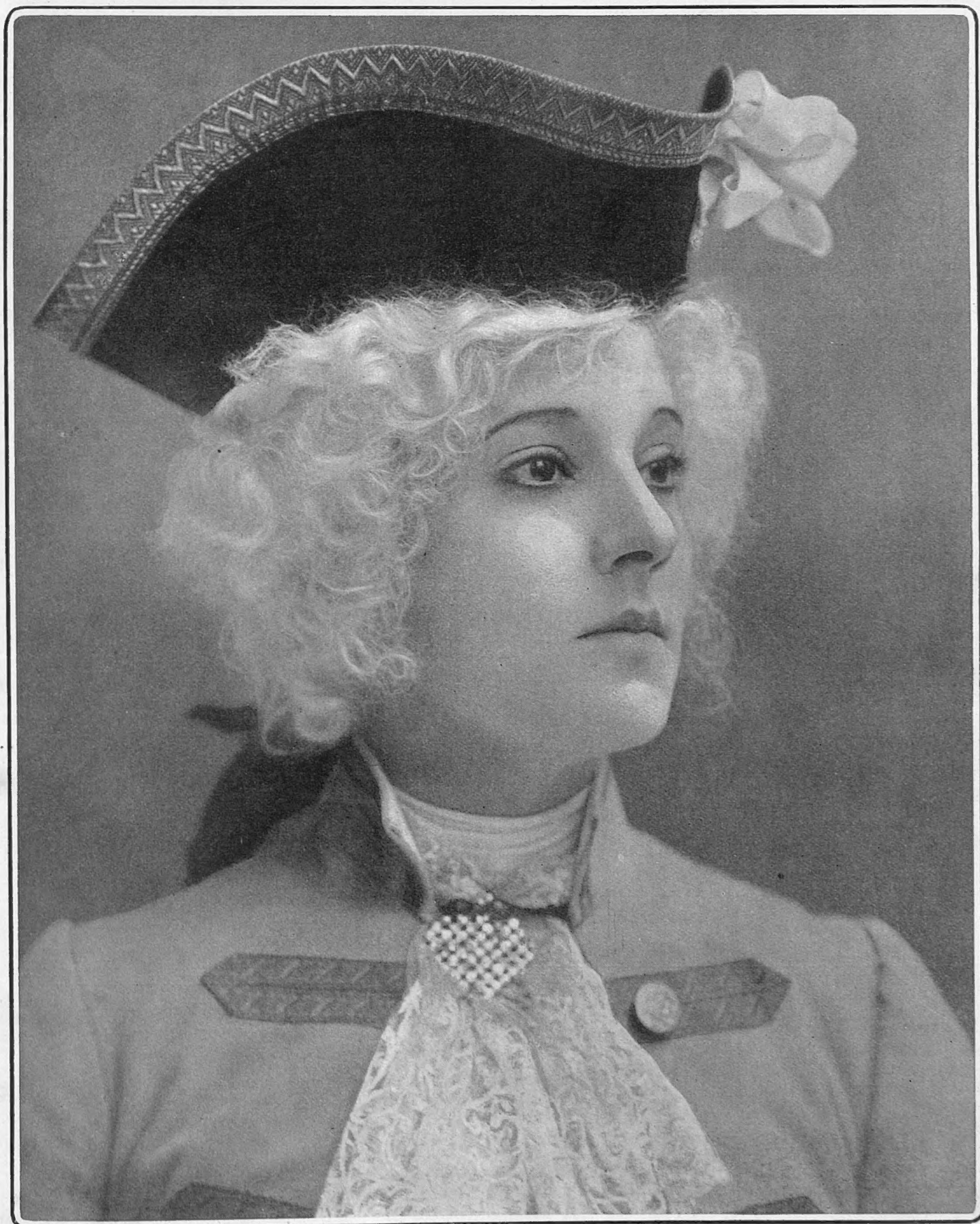




No. 560.—VOL. XLIV.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



MISS MABELLE GILMAN AS "DOLLY VARDEN," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



ON Saturday evening last, just about the time when the curtain was rising on the first Act of "The Duchess of Dantzic" at the Lyric, I sat down to dinner with the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House. I must admit, however unwillingly, that some three hundred other members of the journalistic profession sat down at the same time, and that the chief guest of the evening was Mr. Nicol Dunn, President of that somewhat pensive body known as the Institute of Journalists. Despite my utter insignificance, however, I managed to derive a certain amount of satisfaction from the knowledge that, for the first time in my life, I was really inside the Mansion House. Now that the affair is all over, I may as well confess that I mounted the steps of the historic palace with a fluttering heart and twitching fingers. My nervousness, moreover, was in no way allayed by the discovery that I was expected to walk the length of the reception-room between two lines of quizzing Pressmen, and shake hands, as gracefully as possible, with my host and hostess. Just how foolish I looked whilst doing it I was not in a position to determine, but I can bear witness to the fact that the majority of those who came after me cut uncommonly poor figures. The dramatic critics, as far as I remember, came through the ordeal best; but then, of course, a dramatic critic is more than half an actor.

The most polished speech of the evening came from Mr. Anthony Hope, who replied for Literature. Alluding to himself as "a more or less popular novelist," Mr. Hope defended his popularity on the ground that every writer should write for his public rather than for himself. "It's poor fun," he pleaded, pathetically, "making a fine speech in an empty room." Mr. Anthony Hope was followed by Mr. Pinero, who, in spite of the severe things I felt bound to say about him last week, seemed to be in capital spirits, and was certainly in excellent voice. Indeed, the stentorian tones of the dramatist, rather than the matter of his speech, compelled attention, and almost made the little joke about "high tea" and "high thinking" pass for a genuine epigram. I was not surprised that Mr. Pinero should recommend playgoers to take "high tea" before attending the playhouse; nothing could be better calculated to revive the rage for the Ibsen drama than a persistent devotion to this old-fashioned, indigestible meal. Mr. Barrie's vogue would be over in three months, and we should all flock, with lack-lustre eyes and flabby faces, to revivals of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and "The Improbable Salvation of Letty." Moreover, as Mr. Pinero exultantly prophesied, we should dream of the play.

"Cornish" writes to me as follows: "I have always had a longing to go on the stage, but living a great distance from London, and there being no theatre in Cornwall, I do not know what to do to obtain a start. . . . I am nineteen and a-half years old. Am I too young, and what age should I be? If you would be kind enough to answer these questions and give me a little advice if desirable, you will oblige." My object in quoting this letter is twofold. Firstly, I want to assure "Cornish" that he must not think of offering his services to a theatrical manager until he is twenty-nine and a-half years old. By that time, if he is still longing to go on the stage, he will doubtless be in a position to make his own terms and select his own theatre. At any rate, he has everything to gain by waiting. Secondly, I want to call the attention of the London County Council to the announcement made by my correspondent to the effect that there are no theatres in Cornwall. By way of enhancing the value of this information, I may add that excellent trains for Cornwall leave Paddington Station

every few hours. I am posting an advance-proof of this paragraph to the General Superintendent of the Great Western in order that he may anticipate the rush.

Everybody, in these pampered, peevish days, feels called upon to deplore the decay of something or other. Mr. Pinero, for example, wants to revive dyspepsia; dressmakers would like to see the crinoline return to fashion; the police force are spoiling for a riot or two. In my own walk of life, I am constantly meeting people who express their regret that Bohemianism, as our ancestors understood it, should have passed away. When I take these grumblers by the buttonhole, lead them away from the garrulous crowd, and ask them to explain to me what they mean, exactly, by Bohemianism, they mutter, a trifle incoherently, of drink, poverty, and old clothes. "Nowadays," they urge, "we are too sober, too prosperous, too well-dressed. Why, bless my soul, there's not a Bohemian left in London! We're all fine gentlemen in these days! Give me the old Bohemia; that's what I say!" I stifle the obvious retort, raise my hat decadently, and walk away to brood over my disgustingly respectable appearance and my offensive veneer of gentility. Brood as I will, however, I cannot see why I should spill my food upon my waistcoat or get drunk. I feel that it would be simpler, at any rate, to reverse the order. But I doubt very much whether even that would really be Bohemian.

As a matter of fact, the inward and spiritual grace of Bohemia is still with us, though the outward and visible sign has passed away. The actor, though he wears patent-leather boots with his flannel suit, is just as ready to help his brother actor as in the days of our grandfathers; the artist, though he receives sixty pounds for a poster that he can knock off in a couple of days, infinitely prefers his pipe and a pint of good beer in a tankard to champagne and cigars; the journalist, though he may occasionally dine at the Mansion House and shake hands with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, would be loth to spend too many nights in the week away from Fleet Street or the Strand. The main difference between the Bohemian of to-day and the Bohemian of fifty or sixty years ago is that the former does not, as a rule, drink to excess. Perhaps he is too busy to drink; perhaps he is too sensible; perhaps he has a weak stomach. Whatever the reason, therein, I respectfully submit, lies the difference.

There would appear to be something particularly unhealthy about the present political atmosphere. Mr. Chamberlain, who should have been above infection, has developed an attack of gout; Mr. Alfred Lyttelton is suffering from jaundice; Mr. Gerald Balfour has cancelled his engagements on account of phlebitis; Mr. Keir Hardie, that slave of fashion, has come to London in order to be operated upon for appendicitis; and many hundreds of minor political lights are suffering from *cacoëthes loquendi*. In the meantime, Mr. George Edwardes is the man of the hour. Mr. Edwardes has not, as yet, expressed his opinions on the fiscal question, but he has just scored a triumph with "The Duchess of Dantzic" at the Lyric Theatre, and proposes, on Saturday next, to open the New Gaiety and produce a new musical comedy that will run for the usual term of years. These little matters settled, he will call round at the Prince of Wales's to see how Arthur Roberts, Edna May, and the rest are getting along with "The School Girl," drop in at Daly's to pass the time of day with "The Country Girl," and inquire, over the telephone, as to the booking at the Empire. Then, with a casual nod to "The Girl from Kay's," he will wander in the direction of his racing-stables, reading, on the way, a few telegrams from his country managers and a cable or two from America, South Africa, and Australia. Lazy wretch!

“ROMANTIC LIGHT OPERA” AT THE LYRIC THEATRE



SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN “THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC” SKETCHED BY RALPH CLEAVER.

(See also Page 34.)

HUNTER AND EXPLORER:

MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S RECENT DISCOVERIES IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

THE Dark Continent has still many secrets to yield to the explorer, and although the tremendous feats of Mungo Park, Livingstone, Cameron, and Stanley can no longer be emulated, the adventurous traveller may yet find vast regions lying fallow to scientific observation. For many men of leisure the quest of big game means nothing more than sport in its most exciting form, and, if they possess any ideal beyond the gratification of the hunter's instincts, it seldom goes beyond the mere adding of trophies of tusk, head, and horn to those that already adorn their halls; but the modern Nimrod has unrivalled opportunities, if he be so minded, to add to the sum-total of scientific knowledge, and it is all the more laudable when a sportsman is found who will combine his personal enjoyment of the chase with the more arduous and self-sacrificing labours of the discoverer.

This admirable combination of the hunter and the explorer fortunately exists among us in one of the most indefatigable of modern travellers, Major Powell-Cotton, who has just returned from an adventurous journey of twenty months' duration in Equatorial Africa. In the course of his wanderings he has traversed and mapped out a great extent of hitherto unknown country, has observed some half-dozen tribes, including a race of magicians, of whom no description previously existed, and has, further, added to our knowledge of the curious cave-dwellers of Mount Elgon. The fascinating story of his adventures and many remarkable scenes from his well-filled note-book will be published in the next two issues of *The Illustrated London News*, as a Special Supplement to the ordinary weekly issue of that journal.

Major Powell-Cotton's career, although very far removed from the commonplace, has this much in common with more ordinary mortals, that the boy was father to the man. His interest in foreign lands, and in Africa in particular, was very early aroused, and one of the first things he can remember is how his old governess read to him out of the paper about the first Ashanti War. He was a very delicate child and his chief amusement was to be read to, and his governess's choice of subject awakened in the boy that passion for travel and adventure which has in the man borne such remarkable fruit. He said that when he was grown up he would never care about shooting pheasants and partridges, but only lions and tigers. In due time, throwing off his early delicacy, he became strong enough to gratify this desire to the full.

Born a Powell-Cotton of Quex Park in Kent, he came of a stirring ancestry. Many of his forebears for several generations were in the Indian service, both as soldiers and sailors. His great idea as a youngster was to go to India, and in 1889 he first saw that country, in the course of a voyage round the world, having visited on the way France, Spain, Egypt, and Arabia. He spent eight months in Kashmir and made a very good collection of the game of that country and of Thibet, including wild yak. During this expedition he nearly came to grief, for in trying to shoot his first ibex he was all but overwhelmed by an avalanche.

He then visited Burmah and went up to the Great Wall of China, which in those pre-railway days was rather more inaccessible than it now is. Japan and the Sandwich Islands were the next points in Major Powell-Cotton's itinerary, and he came home by the United States and Canada.

After his return he formed the idea of making a collection of Kashmir and Thibetan game all shot by one man, every specimen to be accompanied by measurements and full notes as to where, when, and how the animals were shot. He accordingly built for this purpose a museum adjoining his house, Quex Park. It was to add to this collection that he subsequently spent three winters among the Kashmir passes. Since 1889, Major Powell-Cotton has never stayed a longer

period than ten months in England. His second visit to Kashmir was not free from hardship, for while Markor-shooting far up in one of the Kag Nag Mountain valleys he and his men were snowed up for several days in a goatherd's hut, where they nearly perished before the villagers from the lower country effected their rescue. Another winter he marched from the Haramosh district to Ladak, a great part of the way lying over the frozen Indus. One night at least he spent with his party on the ice, experiencing many of the rigours of an Arctic climate, and the marvel was that, equipped as they were, any of them survived to tell the tale.

The Major's escort at this time was made up of thirty followers, and the journey occupied several weeks. These were shooting expeditions pure and simple. Major Powell-Cotton's work as an explorer may be said to have begun during his return from a journey through Western Thibet in search of yak before they lost their long winter-coat. On returning, he determined to forsake the beaten track over the Zozi Pass and to come through Zanskar, a route very seldom

traversed by Europeans. It was late in the year, the winter snows had commenced, and the natives were very timid of facing the dangers of the hidden crevasses. The porters, who had been collected with infinite difficulty, nearly all deserted at the foot of the Umasi La, which, lying at over 17,000 feet elevation, is one of the highest and most difficult passes in the world. Major Powell-Cotton was therefore compelled to abandon a great part of the baggage and pursue the journey with a very few followers indeed. They spent some fifteen hours forcing their way through deep snow. The Major led his shikaris; he and all the party carried alpenstocks with which they felt their way. Every now and then their sticks would sink into a crevasse, and the adventurers then had to coast along until they could find a place sufficiently narrow to cross. They spent a night under the shelter of an overhanging rock, without fire, and before morning several of the men were badly frost-bitten.

Major Powell-Cotton's first experience of African game was when he visited Somaliland together with his companion, Major Leather. He penetrated through the Ogaden country to the Webi Shebelle. In this expedition they were very fortunate, for they were in no way molested, although many other caravans suffered rough

handling from the tribes. Soon after, he travelled to Central India, where, in the Native States, he had excellent buffalo and tiger hunting.

The expedition, however, which Major Powell-Cotton considers one of the most interesting he ever undertook was that to Abyssinia, which he so well describes in his book, "A Sporting Trip through Abyssinia." He was fortunate enough to bag, so to speak, the Emperor Menelik, to whom he was presented by Colonel Harrington, the British representative at Adis Abeba. The explorer found the Emperor most friendly, and had several long conversations with him through an interpreter. From Menelik Major Powell-Cotton received letters of safe conduct through his dominions. Major Powell-Cotton's leanings towards untrodden paths have already been noted on his Thibet journey, but he confesses that it was upon his Abyssinian travels that he was really badly bitten with the fever of exploration.

He traversed a large tract of country over which no European had passed for many, many years, the district lying to the West of Lake Tana and the mountains of Simien. He was the first European to kill the Abyssinian ibex, and presented the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, with one of his trophies.

Such in the merest outline is the career of the hunter-explorer whose most recent journey will, on its appearance this week and next in *The Illustrated London News*, add a valuable contribution to our knowledge of Equatorial Africa and its mysterious peoples.



MAJOR POWELL-COTTON, EXPLORER OF UNKNOWN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

Photograph by C. E. Fry and Son, Gloucester Terrace, S.W.

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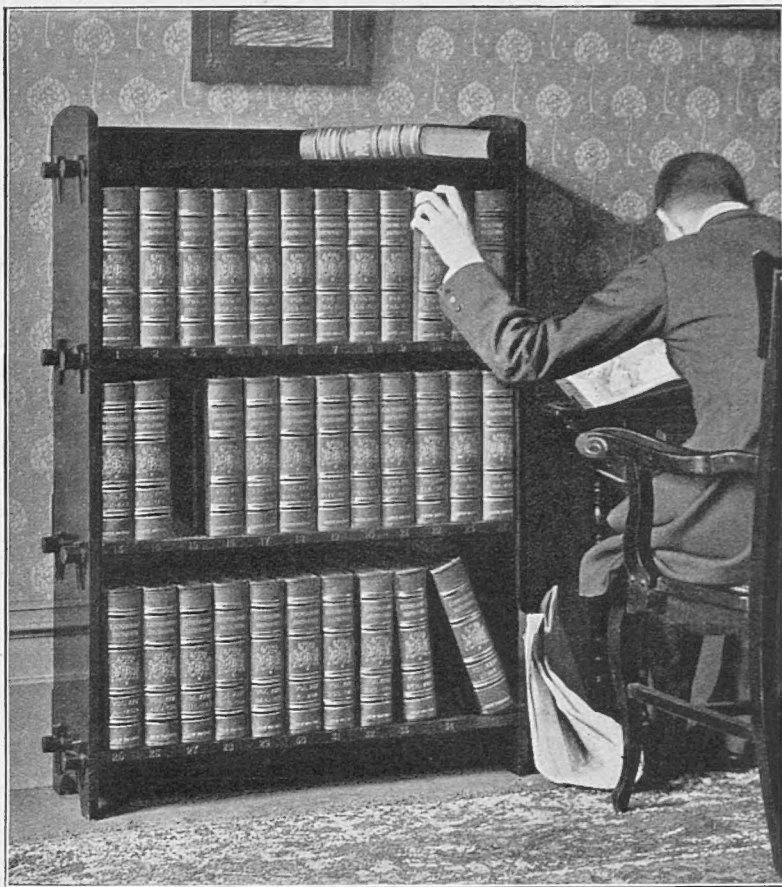
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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING is paying an exceptionally long visit to the North Country seat of Lord and Lady Londonderry. His Majesty has many pleasant associations with the quaintly named Wynyard, for there he and our popular Queen have often paid noteworthy visits, being welcomed in a fashion recalling some of the wonderful stories of the ways in which the great nobles of mediæval England welcomed monarchs on their

progresses. Lord Londonderry spares no pains when entertaining a house-party to make the time pass in an agreeable manner. On one occasion it is recorded that he presented a diamond brooch to every lady of a Wynyard house-party, as a memento of the host's success on the Turf.

The King's Hostess.

Lady Londonderry is one of those hostesses whom Royalty has always delighted to honour. Her position in Society has been, for many years almost unique, and since the day when she appeared at a Marlborough House fancy-dress ball as "The Fair One with the Golden Locks"

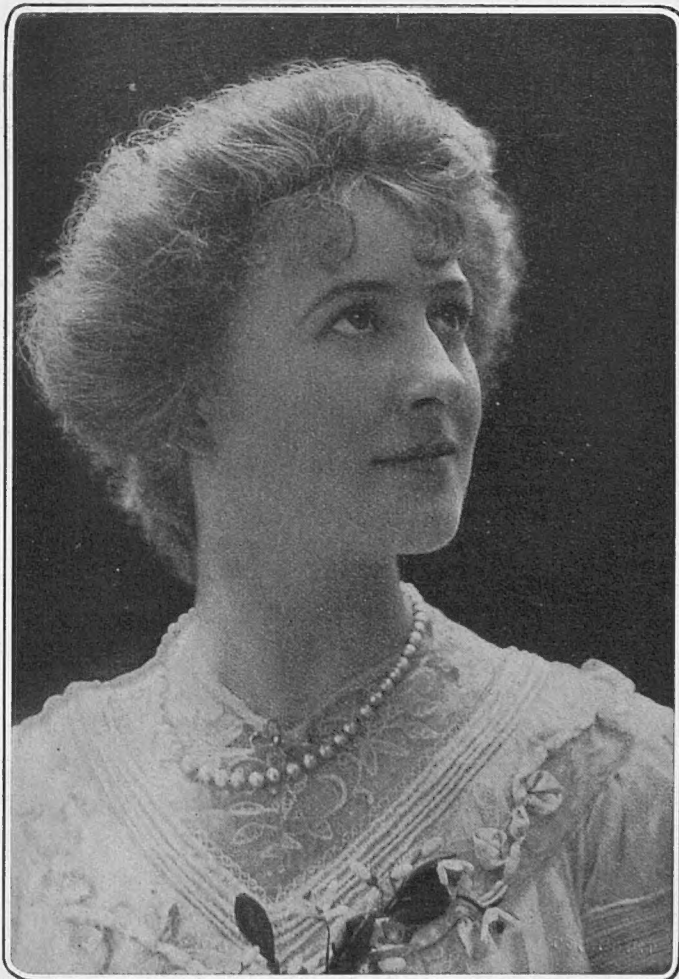
family motto. She is also, like the Queen, an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and her philanthropy is shown in the interest displayed by her in poultry-farming and in dairy-work, the Wynyard model dairy being one of the most perfect of its kind in the world. She is warmly attached to Ireland and has done not a little to make the products of Irish industry patronised by the great world. The whole of her daughter Lady Helen Stavordale's trousseau was made in the country of which Lord Londonderry was once so popular a Viceroy.

In the social shibboleth of the moment the term "picturesque" has taken the place formerly held by that of "smartness," and among those great ladies who may claim to be in a peculiar sense picturesque exponents in the art of dress there are few who are so successful in producing the curious and charming effects so noted in the fair sitters of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Romney as is Mrs. Chandos-Pole. The Chandos-Poles have always had a close connection with the Continent, and at the present moment a daughter of the house is the Baroness Pilar de Pilchau, whose husband is a distinguished member of the Russian Diplomatic Service.



MRS. CHANDOS-POLE.

Photograph by Beresford.



MISS JESSIE BATEMAN, NOW PLAYING IN "THE GOLDEN SILENCE," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

she has kept her place among the reigning beauties. Like so many modern great ladies, the mistress of Wynyard and of Mount Stewart has many hobbies. She is devoted to yachting, and gave her favourite boat the curious name of *Metuenda*, this being the first word of the

"*France et Italie.*" The King and Queen of Italy when they visited the Grand Trianon could not help noticing a group of statuary called "*France et Italie.*" At the close of the Italian War, a number of Milanese ladies raised a subscription to present the Empress Eugénie with a piece of statuary representing the union of the two nations. After the fall of the Empire this group was moved about from place to place, until finally it was put in the hall in the Grand Trianon at Versailles, in which the trial of Marshal Bazaine took place. But the curious part of the group is that the figure which represents France is a portrait of the Empress Eugénie as she was forty years ago.

The Emperor and the Revolutionaries. Apropos of the postponement of the visit of the Czar to Rome, on account of the threats of the Anarchists, a good story is being told of the days of the Emperor Napoleon III. The Emperor and the Empress were visiting Normandy, and had arranged to spend a couple of days at Evreux. M. Janvier de la Motte, who was the Prefect, learned that the revolutionaries intended to hiss the Sovereigns as they passed, and so he summoned the leaders of the movement and told them that he knew of their plot. "If you carry out your plan," said he to them, "you will get six months in prison; if you do not, your friends will accuse you of cowardice and treason. As a way out of the difficulty, I propose to lock you up at once until the Emperor has gone."

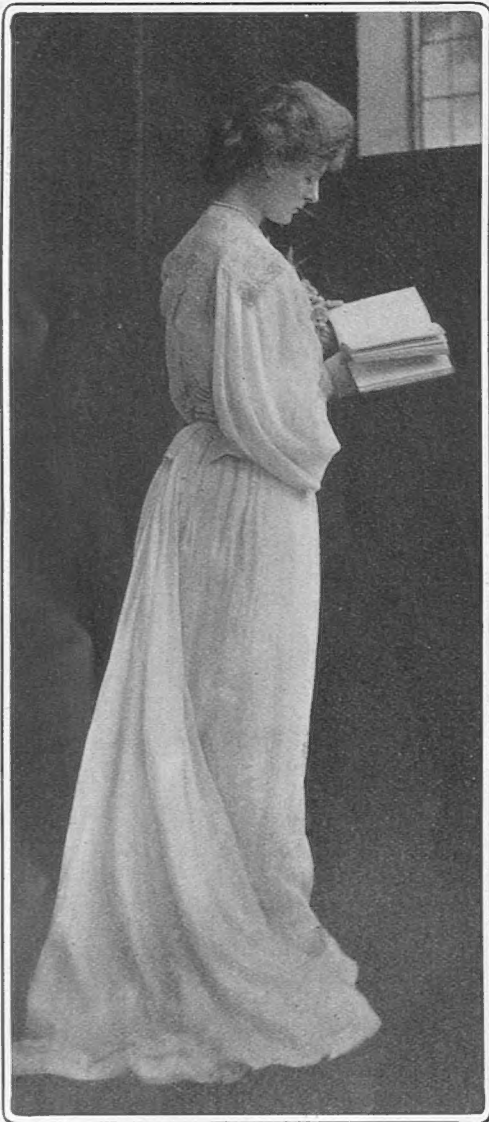
The conspirators accepted the terms offered them by the astute Prefect, and so the Emperor was greeted only by cheers, as the revolutionaries, frightened at the arrest of their chiefs, had not dared to utter a sound. After the Emperor and Empress had gone, M. Janvier de la Motte went in person to release his prisoners, who had had such a pleasant time that they greeted him with cries of "Long live the Prefect," to which M. Janvier de la Motte, who was a man of wit, replied, "My friends, do not overdo it."

*The Duke
of Richmond's
Daughter.*

Lady Evelyn Cotterell, the new Duke of Richmond's daughter, is likely to play a considerable part on the occasion of her father's giving his next Royal house-party. Goodwood House has great and noble traditions in the matter of hospitality, and for many years past the honours have been done perforce by a daughter of the reigning Duke, owing to there being no Duchess. Lady Evelyn Cotterell has, of course, a beautiful home of her own. Her husband is a popular Herefordshire baronet, noted as a sportsman even in that peculiarly sporting county, and he and Lady Evelyn often gather together a choice band of keen riders to hounds at Garmons, their charming place near the old-world town famous for its cider.

*Prince Andrew and
Princess Alice.*

One of the few anecdotes related of Prince Andrew of Greece, whose marriage with the Princess Alice of Battenberg attracted so brilliant an assembly of Royal personages to Darmstadt, has reference to his passionate love of the Greek language (writes a Berlin correspondent). It was narrated in *The Sketch* some months ago, and, therefore, need not be recapitulated. Princess Alice, his pretty young bride, is, however, ignorant of Greek. She possesses a good knowledge of the German tongue and of German classics, and is well up in French and English literature. Prince Andrew can also converse in German fluently, and during his residence in Darmstadt as a Lieutenant of Dragoons he achieved great popularity among his comrades, who found him jovial, bright, a good *causeur*, and excellent company. But, despite his proficiency in German, he has expressed a decided preference for Greek as the language of family intercourse, and, in deference to his desires, the eighteen-year-old bride has determined to devote her talents without delay to the speedy acquisition of that graceful tongue.



LADY EVELYN COTTERELL, DAUGHTER OF
THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

Cadinen—the charming estate presented to their Majesties some years ago—has now become to the German Emperor and Empress. On their arrival at their East Prussian residence the Emperor casts off the cares of State and assumes the part of a simple landed gentleman, and the Empress supports him by playing Lady Bountiful to the villagers and work-people on the estate. Her Majesty may frequently be seen conversing with the cottagers, and it may be safely asserted that their individual sorrows and joys are well known and a source of deep interest to her. Last week the Empress gave her annual "children's festival" to the school-children of the locality. Her Majesty, coffee-pot in hand, and Princess Victoria and Prince Joachim, laden with plates of buns and bread-and-butter, personally looked after the needs of the little guests, and, when the meal was over, participated energetically in their games.

*A Twentieth-
Century D butante.*

Lady Marjorie Manners, the pretty daughter of Lady Granby, has inherited much of her pretty mother's wonderful artistic gift. Few twentieth-century d butantes have begun life under pleasanter auspices than this young grand-daughter of the venerable Duke of Rutland. Her birth gives her the right to be present at all the Royal and great social functions of the hour.

A Fair Satirist.

Lady Grove is one of the few women in Society whose writing has about it nothing of the amateur. She lately published a very bright and clever account of a journey undertaken by her through Morocco; and even more successful were some articles from her pen to which she gave the significant title "Social Solecisms." Lady Grove comes of a distinguished family. She is a niece of Lord Stanley of Alderley, of the Dowager Lady Airlie, and of Lady Carlisle, and a sister of Lady Avebury. As a girl she was counted among the most beautiful d butantes of her year.



LADY GROVE, AUTHOR OF "SOCIAL
SOLECISMS."

Photograph by Beresford.

On an early day in December an extremely interesting concert will be given at the St. James's Hall, when Frau Pauline Strauss de Ahna will give a recital of her husband's songs. That husband is, as everybody knows, Richard Strauss, the most famous of the sons of modern musical Germany. To add to the interest of the concert, Herr Strauss himself will be the accompanist. Although Strauss's large orchestral works are fairly well known to amateurs, his songs are not generally popular, for the very simple reason that they seem not to be within easy reach—one means artistically—of



LADY MARJORIE MANNERS, DAUGHTER OF LADY GRANBY.

Photograph by Beresford.

that large body of musical amateurs who are always eager to popularise anything like a good ballad. Strauss is, of course, something more than this, and the concert should certainly meet with particular and special success.

The Succession of Cecils.

It is only natural that the new Marquis of Salisbury should be in the Cabinet. His father began official life under Lord Derby, and his grandfather was in that Minister's previous Cabinet. Mr. Balfour must have been specially gratified to give a dignified post to his favourite cousin. Lord Salisbury is one of his intimate friends and for many a night walked home with him from the House of Commons. Although the head of the Cecils has not the brilliance of Lord Hugh and is clumsy in speech, he was personally popular in the House on account of his unassuming character and his amiable manner.

Young Men in the Government.

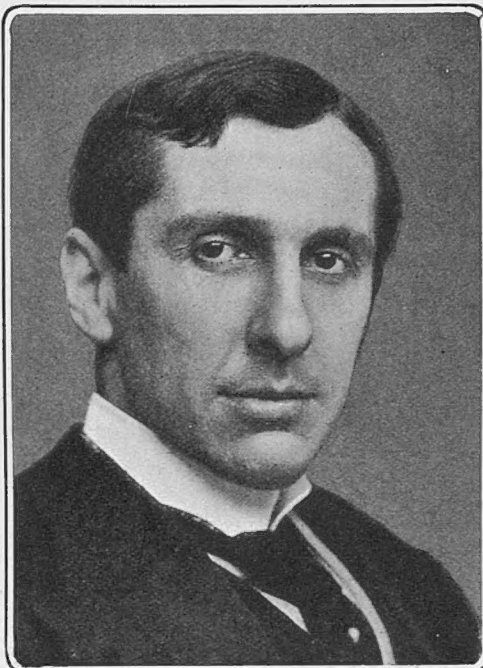
There has been a cry for young men in politics as well as in business, and by the sudden raising of the fiscal question young Unionists have received unexpected advancement. Lord Stanley has got into the Cabinet at the early age of thirty-eight—only two years older than Lord Randolph Churchill was when he became a Minister of State. Mr. Victor Cavendish, who has been promoted to be Financial Secretary to the Treasury, is thirty-five, and that is the age also of Mr. Lee, the brilliant military critic, who has been appointed Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Other young members of the Government are Earl Percy and Lord Balcarras. They are only thirty-two. While Lord Balcarras is to be a Whip, Earl Percy becomes Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Perhaps this and the office entrusted to another ducal heir, Mr. Cavendish, are the most important posts outside the Cabinet. Lord Percy's ability is recognised by all Parliamentarians. He is alert, well-informed, and industrious.

A Brilliant Young Minister.

Mr. Balfour has been, perhaps, more successful with the smaller Ministerial appointments than with those of Cabinet rank. At any rate, in making Mr. Arthur Lee Civil Lord of the Admiralty he has given a young and energetic M.P. his chance. In spite of his youth, Mr. Lee has travelled widely and has seen men and cities. After leaving Cheltenham he went to the Royal Military Academy, and subsequently joined the Royal Garrison Artillery, incidentally teaching the Hong-Kong Volunteers a thing or two as their Adjutant. At the mature age of twenty-five he was Professor of Strategy and Tactics at the Royal Military College, Canada. But his first great opportunity came with the Spanish-American War, when he was made British Military Attaché with the United States Army, jumping at once to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He was then only thirty and the ability which he showed in his reports on the operations marked him as a promising man. He was made Military Attaché to the Washington Embassy, and showed his appreciation of the fact by promptly marrying a charming American heiress, the eldest daughter of Mr. J. G. Moore, of New York. Mrs. Lee will be an important addition to the group of Ministerial hostesses. Mr. Lee, like so many distinguished men, is the son of a clergyman. He has a pretty place in Hampshire and is devoted to motoring.

Three Noble Young Politicians.

Lord Dalmeny, the elder son and heir of Lord Rosebery, may be said to have already made his political début, for a week or two ago, in a small room in Princes Street, Edinburgh, he faced a formidable gathering of Scottish greybeards assembled to pass judgment on the youthful candidate-elect for Midlothian at the next General Election. That he came triumphantly through the trying ordeal is greatly to his credit when it is remembered that it is only a few months since he celebrated his majority. Lord Dalmeny's career as a soldier has been very short, for he has resigned his Lieutenant's commission in the Grenadier Guards in order to accept the invitation of the Midlothian Liberals. The Hon. Thomas C. R. Agar-Robartes, the prospective Liberal candidate for Bodmin, is a year or two older than Lord Dalmeny and is the son and heir of Viscount Clifden. The members of the Agar-Robartes family are very popular in the neighbourhood of Bodmin, where "Lanhydrock," Lord Clifden's Cornish seat, is situated. Lord Helmsley is the grandson and heir of the Earl of Feversham. He is the eldest of the three and is in his twenty-fifth year. Should he be successful in obtaining a seat, he will sit on the other side of the House. It is a matter of peculiar interest, and one which would have delighted the author of "Coningsby," that all three were educated together and on the most friendly terms at Christ Church, Oxford.



MR. ARTHUR LEE, M.P., THE NEW CIVIL LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

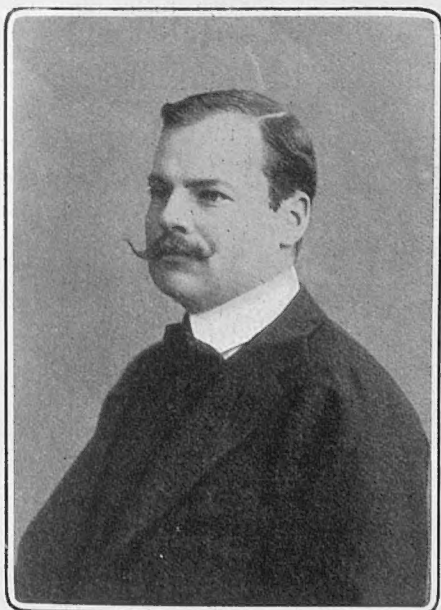
Photograph by Beresford.

Mountaineering Catastrophes.

Automobilists cannot yet vie in point of fatalities with mountain-climbers. According to the statistics compiled in Zürich, no less than a hundred and forty-eight mountaineering catastrophes occurred during the past season in the Alpine territories (Switzerland, Tyrol, and North Italy), in the Riesengebirge, and in the Jura and Black Mountains. These catastrophes involved a hundred and ninety-six casualties, of which a hundred and thirty-nine were fatal. The fate of ten persons is unknown. The number of catastrophes in July was thirty-seven, in August forty-four, and in September thirty. The statistics constitute a document terribly eloquent of the perils to which so many athletes of all nationalities yearly succumb.

The late General von Larisch.

In General von Larisch, whose death was announced a few days since, Germany has lost a bachelor soldier of great popularity. A short time before his fatal illness, the General, whose outward appearance was the acme of dignity, went for a walk along the banks of the Oder near Frankfort. Light of heart, he began to whistle. To his annoyance the strains were taken up by an errand-boy who was marching a few paces in front of him. The General ceased whistling, likewise the errand-boy. A few minutes later, the General, forgetting the intermezzo, began once more to indulge his musical sense. Unhesitatingly the errand-boy followed suit. When the General again ceased, the youth turned round and, with innocent familiarity, observed to the officer, "What shall we whistle next?"



LORD HELMSLEY, GRANDSON OF THE EARL OF FEVERSHAM.



LORD DALMENY, SON OF LORD ROSEBERY.



THE HON. T. C. R. AGAR-ROBARTES, SON OF VISCOUNT CLIFDEN.

THREE HEIRS TO THE PEERAGE WHO ARE CANDIDATES FOR PARLIAMENTARY HONOURS.

Photographs by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

A Popular Royal Hostess.

Mrs. Leopold Rothschild is, perhaps, the most popular of the important group of Rothschild hostesses. Though her eldest son celebrated his coming of age the other day, Mrs. Rothschild looks scarcely older than she did on the day when, as the lovely Mdle. Perugia, she came to London and was married to Lord Rothschild's good-looking sportsman brother. The King was at the marriage, and since that day he has never ceased to show marked favour to this most charming of Royal hostesses, who only last week was entertaining the Sovereign in her husband's pretty place at Newmarket.

Lady Beatrix Tylour.

The only sister of Lord Headfort, whose engagement to Lord Derby's youngest son is just announced, will prove an interesting addition to the great Stanley clan. She is one of the most accomplished girls in youthful Society, her musical gifts being of a really high order. In these days the pretty débutante sometimes prides herself on her ignorance of the accomplishments which were among the charms of her mother and grandmother, but in this matter Queen Alexandra has exercised a most salutary influence, and no girl can hope to stand high in Her Majesty's favour who is lacking in a knowledge of music and languages.

Mrs. Glyn. The clever and versatile lady who signs her books "Elinor Glyn" has published a successor to "The Visits of Elizabeth," and she is certainly happy in her choice of titles, for there is something very alluring — as Lord Quex's gay old friend used to call it — in that of "The Damsel and the Sage." Mrs. Glyn is the wife of a country squire, and, though always interested in literary matters, she had never written a line till she began a series of sketches for the *World* under the quiet title of "Visits of Elizabeth." Only a few chapters of what was destined to become so popular a book were published in our contemporary, and, according to literary gossip, the "Visits" were refused by one leading publisher on the ground that the matter contained in the volume was too slight for volume form. "The Reflections of Ambrosine" were more sentimental and less amusing in form. Mrs. Glyn's readers sighed for more "Elizabeth," and, doubtless, in "The Damsel and the Sage" she has fulfilled their expectations.

A Future Premier? It has been more than once suggested that the Liberal Party, in its search for leaders, might all agree to follow Sir Edward Grey. Certainly the young Northumberland Baronet — he is only forty-one — as great-grandson of the famous Earl Grey, and grandson of another well-known statesman, Sir George Grey, of the Victorian era, may be said to have statecraft in his very bones. Moreover, he is a favourite at Court, not only on his own account, but also for the sake of his father, who was a valued servant and friend of the King as Prince of Wales. But it is whispered that Sir Edward is too fond of fly-fishing to live the laborious days of a future Premier. Tall, handsome, with a graceful figure and carriage, he seems absolutely born to command, and, if not exactly a great orator, he is,

at any rate, an admirable speaker. He is adored in the wilds of Northumberland, where is his seat of Falloden, and where, too, he found his clever and brilliant wife, a daughter of Mr. Shallcross Widdrington, of Newton Hall. Curiously enough, he has never sat in any Cabinet, but he did wonderfully well as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the short Liberal Government of 1892.

"The Uncrowned King of Egypt."

Lord Cromer, who has just gone back to Cairo, after having refused, it is whispered, a seat in the Cabinet, has been called "the Uncrowned King of Egypt." As Sir Evelyn Baring, he had not a little to do with the remaking of the old Empire of the Pharaohs, and the best part of his life has been spent on the banks of the Nile. Since his second marriage, Lord Cromer's splendid house in Cairo has become the most important social centre on the African Continent, and, if he is King, certainly Lady Cromer might well claim to be Queen of Egypt.

A Bride of Yesterday.

Lady Kathleen Villiers was among the prettiest of last Season's brides, as, indeed, she was for some few years among the best-looking and most popular of Irish beauties. Lord and Lady Enniskillen are the happy owners of Florence Court, one of the finest of Irish stately homes, and there Lady Kathleen and her sister, Lady Delamere, spent their happy girlhood, joining in the simple pleasures and amusements of the neighbourhood.

Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson.

Among the social leaders of the Liberal Party none is more highly respected than the late Lord Dufferin's clever daughter, Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson. Her Irish blood has not prevented her becoming a true Scotchwoman by adoption, and in Edinburgh, in the neighbourhood of which town Mr. Munro-Ferguson's splendid place, Raith, is situated, her name has long been one to conjure with, for she takes a keen personal interest in all the philanthropic and social doings of the Northern Athens.

Lady Adelaide Colville.

Lady Adelaide Colville is the proud mother of a baby

son and heir to whom the Prince of Wales became sponsor last week. Captain Colville is an old and valued friend of our future King. He is the second son of the late Lord Colville of Culross, who was for so many years a valued member of Queen Alexandra's Household.

A Great Soldier's Step-daughter.

Miss Joyce Howard, Sir Redvers Buller's pretty step-daughter, is just engaged to one of her step-father's most valued younger friends. During the South African War, Lady Audrey and her three daughters devoted themselves with unceasing energy to the painful and difficult task of relieving the grievous distress of those whom Tommy Atkins had perforce to leave behind him, and, as a natural consequence, their names are honoured in many a humble home where the news of Miss Howard's engagement has been received with genuine and affectionate interest.



MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS AS "COUSIN KATE" AT THE "HAYMARKET."

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

A Great Free Trader. Mr. St. L o c Strachey is a scion of the great Anglo-Indian family. He is exercising, as Editor of the *Spectator*, a tremendous influence on the Fiscal discussion of the moment. The *Spectator* has been called "the Friend, Philosopher, and Guide of the Rectory," and it may be doubted if there is any paper, even the *Guardian*, so revered among members of the First Estate. Mr. Strachey has proved himself a worthy successor to R. H. Hutton, under whose editorship the paper reached its present high place, and before his connection with the *Spectator* Mr. Strachey had served an excellent apprenticeship on the *Cornhill Magazine*. Few men have warmer friends than has the young Editor of the *Spectator*, and the gods have indeed smiled on him in other respects. His charming wife is a grand-daughter of "Conversation" Senior.

Lady Lyttelton. The wife of the gallant soldier who, almost alone among his comrades, committed no mistake in the late South African War has long been one of the shining lights of London intellectual society. Like her sister-in-law, Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, Lady Lyttelton has always taken a rather exceptional interest in literary matters, and before her husband occupied his present responsible position in South Africa their pretty house in Westminster was much frequented by writers and by politicians belonging to every shade of opinion.



Captain Jack Champion, V.C. (Mr. Robert Minster). The Earl of Sutton (Mr. John Tresahar).
THE CENTRAL FIGURES OF THE MILITARY SCENE IN "THE FLOOD-TIDE," AT DRURY LANE.

by the latter way. Besides this, Clapham Junction will be rebuilt altogether, and Vauxhall will also have new platforms to accommodate the additional lines of rail which the widening of the roadway will admit of. The main line and each section of the suburban traffic will then be worked on its own special metals.

Survivors of Waterloo.

women living near Brussels both of whom were present on the day of the great battle and have a fairly distinct recollection of what they then saw. The fathers of these old women were engaged in the fight, and, according to their own account, they seem to have wandered about the field the whole day. One of them, Madame Givron, saw Napoleon after the defeat of the French, as he was making his way off the field of battle, and she declares that she can remember how the fallen Emperor looked. The last of the actual combatants, an old French soldier, is said to have died last year in Russia.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, for members of each of the great Parties had attended to do honour to the young Home Secretary and his brilliant bride. Since her marriage, Mrs. Asquith's personality has been less often discussed than before that event. She is even more interested in politics than she was in the days of her girlhood, and it is said that she is extremely ambitious on her clever husband's behalf, as also on that of her step-son, Mr. Raymond Asquith, who is following in his father's footsteps. Mrs. Asquith's own little daughter, Elizabeth, is already showing signs of great mental ability and a marked aptitude for learning foreign languages.

Waterloo Station. In two years' time, when the extensions which are now being carried out are finished, Waterloo will be the biggest station in the world. In addition to the main entrance from the Waterloo Bridge Road, there will be one of almost equal importance from Westminster Bridge, so that all traffic coming from the West-End will approach the station

Mrs. Barbara Moon is said to be the only English survivor of the Battle of Waterloo, but she is not alone in her glory, for there are two old peasant-



MISS NORMA WHALLEY IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



MISS LILY ELSIE IN "A CHINESE HONEYMOON," AT THE STRAND.

Photograph by Lizzie Cassell Smith.

A Political Hostess. Those who regard Mr. Asquith as among probable twentieth-century Premiers are naturally interested in the personality of his brilliant, volatile wife, who, as Miss Margot Tennant, had a unique place in the great political and social world. Miss Tennant's marriage to the statesman who was the "Grand Old Man's" most popular lieutenant was certainly the greatest matrimonial event of the early Season of 1894. Particularly prominent among the guests gathered together in St. George's, Hanover Square, were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, and

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS.

I wonder whether Paris is as tired of Royalties as I am, and just how tired the King and Queen of Italy must be of Paris it is neither in my power nor in my province to set down. So far—I write these lines some time before the completion of the visit—all has gone off successfully, but the King and Queen must have found the procession from one official function to another very tiring. It seems a cruel thing to paint the lily, and to hang out flags, paper roses, crimson and gold-fringed velvets, and what not, so as to hide the very real beauties of one of the loveliest towns in Europe; but, of course, private profit comes before even consideration for a King in such matters, and Monsieur X. must evidently think it of more importance that King Victor Emmanuel should be greeted with a "Viva" and a big advertisement of X's tooth-paste than that he should see the boulevards in their pristine beauty.

But Frenchmen are particularly pleased at the social standing which their country has at last acquired among the Powers, of which the Royal visit is the outward and visible sign. Until President and Madame Loubet received on equal terms the King and Queen of Italy, France was in the position of a young widow with a past who is not altogether popular among the county families of her abode. The men call upon her and are cordiality itself, and the great families receive her at state functions while not admitting her to intimacy. Then some great lady takes the lead, and the young widow is received and made an intimate, to her great satisfaction. This is much what has taken place with France, the Powers occupying the position of the county dowagers and Italy that of the lady who first stretches out both hands to the beautiful new-comer whose past is not "quite nice"; and Madame Troisième République, who is most anxious that the shady portions of her history should be forgotten, is very much delighted at the innovation, and President and Madame Loubet have won not only immense popularity, but real affection, and are cheered

to the echo as loudly and as cordially as the King and Queen of Italy themselves.

The Coquelins, that extraordinary group of French comedians who may be said to have founded a dramatic dynasty, were noted, even when still humble tradespeople in Boulogne, as born to extraordinary luck. They have been fortunate as actors, as men of business, and last, not least, as fathers and husbands. The French theatrical world includes many charming women whose only connection with the stage is the fact that they are the wives of distinguished actors. This is the case with Madame Coquelin.

Of the many Spanish dancers who have been the delight of the Parisian stage of late years, not many have achieved greater success than Mdle. de Toledo. She has been appearing at the Paris Casino, where her Southern beauty and graceful movements in the national dances of "sunny Spain" have elicited the plaudits of hosts of admirers.



MDLLE. DE TOLEDO, A BEAUTIFUL SPANISH DANCER.

Photograph by Reullinger, Paris.

ROME.

A very good photograph is now in course of completion representing the King of Italy dressed in Russian uniform. This photograph has been specially taken at the King's order in anticipation of the visit of the Czar to Rome. It represents His Majesty, as all true photographs of the present ruler of Italy do, as very grave and rather prematurely worn. To those who are cognisant of the hard life which King Victor has lived ever since his earliest youth, this continual look of tenseness evokes no surprise. He was born extremely delicate; it is said that only to the truly Spartan severity with which he was brought up is due the fact that he has ever reached mature years. No boy, youth, or man has worked harder and more persistently all his life than the present indefatigable King of Italy.

He is a perfect linguist, follows up every new discovery with admirable pertinacity, is continually in touch with the leading men of science, and does his best to assist every branch of learning and science and art. It is interesting to note in connection herewith that Signor Nasi, the Italian Minister of Education, has recommended that in all Italian schools shall be read Morandi's work entitled "How Victor Emmanuel the Third was Educated." His Majesty has just purchased, by the way, several works of art at the Livorno Art Exhibition; they are "Canto di Primavera," by Cennicci; "Accampamento," by Fattori; "Paesaggio al Mattino," by Kiernerk; "Monello Napoletano," by De Martino; "Vita e Lavoro," by Gronchi; and a photograph by Bettino called "Trittico."

The British Ambassador in Rome, Sir Francis Bertie, has just left Salsomaggiore, where he stayed for some time with Lady Bertie—whose health, I am glad to say, is now fully restored—and is spending the last part of his holiday at Naples in the lovely villa of Lord Rosebery. Meanwhile, the business of the Embassy is being carried on by the First Secretary, Sir Rennell Rodd.

The little Piedmontese town of Asti, the birthplace of the celebrated Alfieri, is now holding the first centenary of its famous son. Festivals, public meetings, general rejoicings of every kind have been held without number; the Press has been dedicating articles to Alfieri's name and Asti has become again quite famous. At one of the public gatherings the great Tommaso Salvini made a notable speech, in which he extolled the theatre and its influence and urged that the stage be used more and more as an educating medium. The theatre, said he, ought to be not merely a momentary pastime, not a temporary distraction, but an efficacious means of moral education.

He advised the formation of a Committee of persons whose duty it should be to select artists, make the round of all the chief cities in Italy, invite authors to write suitable plays, and use their influence in raising the tone of the general public. This Committee ought, he said, to be supported by the Government and the various Municipalities and wealthy promoters of Art. Salvini's theory is doubtless excellent. But is it practical, and further, is it or will it ever be practicable?



MADAME COQUELIN.

Photograph by Esme Collings, Bond Street, W.

“ALL FOR THE SAKE OF SAHARA.”

—(OLD SONG, ADAPTED.)



A DAY WITH THE EMPEROR OF THE SAHARA IN LONDON.

DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

IS DUSE A GREAT ARTIST?

THE other day, when studying in an illustrated paper what seemed to me a photograph of Miss Loïe Fuller, her face illumined by one of the electrical devices that have made her famous, I found that I had made a prodigious mistake, for the picture represented Eleonora Duse. Underneath the picture was some fine

print, from which I gathered that Duse "makes the greatest appeal of any *tragédienne* in the world, for she is absolutely unique." This, of course, is rather bold speaking, for many other actresses make very great appeals, unsuccessfully—and there seems no very great merit in making appeals—whilst, perhaps, the "absolutely" which qualifies the unqualifiable word "unique" is used disparagingly. Then there came some phrases from a book called "Plays, Acting, and Music," written by Mr. Arthur Symons.



SIGNORA ELEONORA DUSE.

Photograph by Scintto, Genoa.

Mr. Symons' really is a poet. His beautiful versions of d'Annunzio's plays will prove that, even without his admirable, original poetry. Moreover, he is a finely equipped writer, with a rich knowledge of several branches of art, yet his remarks, intended to be eulogistic, seem to me to justify my sub-title, "Is Duse a great artist?" There has been rather too much of a Duse boom. Even apart from Mr. Symons, she has been praised in terms that would be extravagant if applied to a creature embodying all the charms and excellencies of all the living actresses, in phrases suggesting the adulation slobbered upon despots. This sort of thing becomes a little tiring to the humble groper after truth.

For years past we have been told that the Italian actress is not only something out of the common, which I admit, but something "absolutely" unique, or "quite" unique, or "very" unique, and the more she has distorted the plays in which she has appeared the more terrific has been the admiration. It is useful sometimes to stand still and state the facts. In England—I speak from memory—she has presented Marguerite Gautier, Césarine (in "La Femme de Claude"), Sylvia (in "La Gioconda"), La Princesse Georges, Hedda Gabler, Magda, Paula Tanqueray, Cyprienne (in "Divorçons"), Fédora, Santuzza, Nora, Mirandola (in "La Locandiera"), and last Saturday she appeared as Francesca da Rimini. One who has seen all these performances may fairly pretend to speak with some knowledge of the subject. Firstly, I admit, and even assert, that in all these parts she has shown herself a remarkable actress, that, indeed, she is entitled to the word "genius," rarely used with propriety. On the other hand, it appears to me that more nonsense has been written about her than any other player, in my time. In the first place, it may be stated that she is not physically suited to many of the tasks she has attempted, and, since she is her own manager, has had no excuse for attempting them. No amount of genius can render suitable the essentially unsuitable. The actress is a woman of middle-height, with an intelligent face, fine eyes, and a beautifully shaped head. She refuses to "make-up" for most of her parts. She now wears a wig which costs her the beauty of the shape of her head, and her figure has filled out a good deal. As Francesca she appears as a matronly woman with an intellectual countenance, beautiful eyes, fine teeth, a rather harsh but very flexible voice, and a general air of ill-health and sorrow, and therefore she does not suggest the youth and beauty strongly insisted upon by the play. The greater then would be her triumph if she succeeded at all.

However, it seems needless to inquire exhaustively into the physical limitations of a woman who, after all, and despite what some of her admirers may say, is only a human being. In the interest of other actresses with at least equal claim, so far as I know, as women to our sympathies, I seek to find out whether she ought to be set immeasurably above one and all of them and discussed as if somebody quite apart. The thing that seems most to cause admiration is her restraint, her reticence. I quote from Mr. Symons: "To Duse acting is a thing almost wholly apart from action; she thinks on the stage, scarcely moves there. When she feels emotion, it is her chief care not to express it with emphasis, but to press it down into her soul until only the pained reflection of it glimmers out of her eyes and trembles in the hollows of her cheeks." Perhaps the expression "the hollows of her cheeks" is unamiable, but I am not responsible for it. Now what on earth does this mean?—if it means anything at all, which I doubt. Can a sane person be found to deny that the business of an actress is to portray *effectively* to an audience the emotions supposed to be felt by the characters she is representing? How on earth can she do this by a pained reflection that glimmers in her eyes or trembles in the hollows of her cheeks, and how are people to see this pained reflection across the footlights, how is the person in the gallery to discover something trembling in the hollows of her cheeks a hundred feet off? The audience could see nothing of the kind. Suppose the whole Company acted on this method—and presumably Mr. Symons could set them no higher standard—the unfortunate people who pay money to see the plays would not know whether the Company were acting magnificently or had gone to sleep.

Again let us look at the facts. Distance, in the theatre, and the interposition of the footlights make it necessary, first, that the players should speak louder than in real life, otherwise they would be inaudible; secondly, that they should exaggerate gestures and play of feature, so that, when toned down by the distance, they may seem natural and be effective. If this were not the case, there would be too little difficulty in acting. It is not the business of the player to be natural, but to seem natural; and, under the circumstances of the stage, the two are by no means the same thing. This is why "make-up" is essential. The beautiful actress "makes-up" not in order to seem more beautiful than she is, but in order to prevent the footlights from making her appear less beautiful than Providence wills. Nature has produced no one who without "make-up" can appear on the stage as Francesca ought to, and when an actress refuses to contradict the distortion of the footlights she is not seeking to be natural, but unnatural. The Italian player in nearly all her parts looks ill and haggard, whatever the circumstances of the play. She, no doubt, with the aid of the ordinary paraphernalia of the stage, could present the beauty talked about in almost every character that she represents, instead of flagrantly denying it. Her repugnance to "make-up" results in falsehood, not in truth. However, looking again at Mr. Symons' work, for he seems to be her prophet, apparently she does not aim at that illusion of truth which is the only truth permitted by the circumstances of the stage. Speaking of her Paula Tanqueray, he says, enthusiastically, "Duse plays the Second Mrs. Tanqueray in the grand manner, destroying the illusion of the play as she proves over again the supremacy of her own genius." Of course she destroys the illusion of the play if at the most terrific moments she presses down the emotions of Paula into her soul and only manifests them by the pained reflection glimmering out of her eyes and trembling in the hollows of her cheeks, a manifestation invisible even to the *chef d'orchestre*.

Writing of "La Dame aux Camélias," the worshipper says, that Marguerite Gautier is "the Parisian whom Sarah Bernhardt impersonates perfectly in that hysterical and yet deliberate manner which is made for such impersonations." You would think this was a compliment for the French actress: nothing of the kind, for Mr. Symons continues, "Duse, as she always does, turns her into quite another kind of woman; not the light woman to whom love has come suddenly, as a new sentiment coming suddenly into her life, but the simple, instinctively loving woman in whom we see nothing of the *demi-monde*, only the natural woman in love." Now, taking this as a correct statement by Mr. Symons, one observes that Duse's presentation will not square with the facts. Marguerite is a *cocotte* and acts as one, and to represent her otherwise is as foolish as to present Virginia as a Messalina, Lady Macbeth as an amiable *ingénue*, or Richard II. as Richard I.



MISS KATHLEEN DAWN,
WHO MADE HER THEATRICAL DÉBUT IN "LITTLE MARY," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.
Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WHAT has become of our cheap little campaign in Somaliland and where is our old friend the Mad (?) Mullah? Day after day I scan my morning paper to see if, among its columns of rumour from Near and Far East, its pages of Fiscal politics, and its leaders that lead nowhere, there will be something about Somaliland. Alas, my industry goes unrewarded, so it is safe to say that, beyond a great waste of money and a moderate waste of life, nothing happens. Our News Agencies tell us from time to time that camels are being collected or transported or sent up country or down country, but nobody outside the War Office seems to know why. In fact, nobody is quite sure of the name of the Commander of our expedition or what he expedites. Is the campaign being allowed to die a natural death while the nation's attention is turned to the various methods by which you tax food in order to lower the cost of living? Nobody knows,

Even our most insular patriots must acknowledge that the United States can give us valuable lessons in municipal administration and the disposal of natural forces to the best uses. I learn from my morning paper that at the present moment the Royal Commission on London Traffic is making an American tour to see how the problem of taking people to and from great cities is solved. Sir George Bartley, one of the Commissioners, thinks that among the results of the visit will be the removal of the omnibus from London's streets. If we except shareholders in the big Companies and the proprietors of small lines of omnibuses, there will be nobody to regret the change. Sir Charles Metcalfe, Chief Engineer of the Chartered Company, has just reached America to study the methods of utilising water-power that have been applied with so much success to the Niagara Falls. The Chartered Company wishes to treat the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi in similar



M. Lantéri.

M. Auguste Rodin.

Mr. J. Tweed.

A TRIO OF SCULPTORS: MESSIEURS RODIN, LANTÉRI, AND TWEED.

Photograph by Beresford.

except, perhaps, the Mad (?) Mullah, who doubtless does what he likes in Somaliland and wears the smile that won't come off.

How they do love one another on the Continent! My morning paper tells me that a St. Petersburg paper, with a name too long for these columns, has been warned by the Russian Censor for publishing an attack on Germany in connection with a recent fracas at the meetings of The Hague Arbitration Tribunal. The writer of the article complained about declared that the great desire of Germany was to pay Russia a surprise-visit on the lines of the one she paid to France in 1870

Such an idea is nonsensical enough, in all conscience. We know that when Germany goes in for the luxury of a European war east of Berlin the French War Party will force the hands of its Government and discuss the questions of Alsace and Lorraine on the spot. But the incident shows how little countries with arbitrary boundaries can trust one another, and how easily a war in Europe would spread north, south, east, and west. In point of fact, if we can trust the indications afforded by recent policy, Germany is very much afraid of Russia and seeks in all things to satisfy her great neighbour and rival. She has not forgotten Napoleon's prophecy that this century will see Europe Republican or Muscovite.

fashion. I am wondering whether any of our leviathan company-promoters are paying visits to New York in order to learn from Mr. Charles M. Schwab and Messrs. J. P. Morgan and Company how national industries should be cornered, capitalised, and given to the public.

While we declare that the police and detective force of the Metropolis has failed signally in the case of Miss Hickman's disappearance, and while faith in clairvoyance and other occult shams must have received a nasty shock, it is well to turn to the report that the Public Health Committee has just presented to the "L.C.C." From that report I learn that in the St. Pancras district alone there are over six hundred underground rooms let out to people in tenements, contrary to the existing laws. These rooms have over a thousand tenants, who must necessarily be recruited, in the majority of cases, from the dregs of London's populace. I cannot help wondering how the police can be expected to find anybody missing in a district like St. Pancras, where so many horrible slums exist. The "L.C.C." will endeavour to close these tenements by degrees. Owners of some fifty lots are under notice to shut them up within three months, but years must pass before St. Pancras is free from the reproach that falls upon it now. I wish the "L.C.C." would convert some of the Free Libraries within its jurisdiction into model lodging-houses.

DINNERS WITH SHAKSPERE.

BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



MY GROCER'S WIFE.

BY NORA CHESSON.

SHE is a little woman, fair and pale and blue-eyed, who has once been pretty, and who would, under favouring circumstances, be pretty again. Her manner is apologetic to a degree that recalls the White Rabbit in "Alice" at the moment when he was scurrying along with the Queen's fan. She resembles a white rabbit physically as well as morally, I sometimes think. Her eyelids are faintly pink, and the eyes, large and soft, prominent and plaintive, look out timidly upon a world of "business-people."

That is the fetish and the Juggernaut of my grocer's wife's existence. "Business" is everything to her husband, who is a thriving and steady young man, and "business" is, or ought to be, everything to her. Yet it is not. Timidly, she sometimes tells me that she is fond of flowers, "only Mr. Higgins says they cost money and make a mess, while they do no good"; so she keeps down her desire to fill her back-yard with ferns and "Creeping Jenny" and a real rockery with gold-fish in a globe, and does not indulge herself in so much as an ivy-leaf geranium on the three window-sills under my observation. She went away for a week this summer to her native place—an unpronounceable village in Wales, beginning with three consonants and ending with a vowel; she went away a white rabbit in bad repair, and came back a young woman with pink cheeks and some freckles on her slender wrists. But business slackened a little when she was away, as it could not help but do, and now she is paler than ever, though the memory of her holiday remains in the rise and fall of her voice, which is all the pleasanter for its revived Welsh accent.

She showed me a tin-type of herself taken on the beach by an itinerant photographer. She was wearing a Zulu hat costing sixpence, and a dress of white or grey muslin, and there were newly picked poppies and cornflowers twisted in a garland round her hat, and tucked into the bosom of her dress, and stuck into her belt, and held in her hands: and on her knee sat a sturdy boy-baby, her sister's child.

"Mary Anne's youngest: she has eleven mouths to feed, and her husband only a crabber," says Mrs. Higgins. "He's three come Michaelmas, and you should see his legs. Mary Anne's that proud of him, indeed she is!" Then her tone changes, and she speaks in her London voice. "Mr. Higgins thinks children a terrible responsibility; too much for people in business, like ourselves. The shop or the house must suffer—and he is quite right. Mary Anne's cottage is all to sixes and sevens. Children are a great disturbance about the place." But, even as she says it, she looks enviously at my chubby daughter crowing in her mail-cart outside the shop, and yields her hand almost eagerly to the warm little fingers that are so inquisitive about their surroundings. "They are a great anxiety, too—off and on, babies seem to be always ill; and the expense of them—"

"Ah, bab-bo," says my daughter, and Alice Higgins's pink eyelids grow pinker, as if they were stung with something salt behind them.

"Baby grows," she says, as she takes her hand away and goes back to her desk and her account-books. Her dress to-day is very different from the one her tin-type presentment wears. It whispers as she walks, with a hint of silk-lined flounces, and there is a heavy silver buckle to the trim belt that to-day holds no flowers, and there are blue ear-rings in the small, thin ears. "Business" has lined the hem of her gown with silk and bought her that silver buckle and those turquoise ear-rings; but it has made her pay dearly for her pretty things. The woman over the way wears a shabby blouse and a shabbier skirt, but there is a child always at her side, a chubby, noisy urchin of three who told me this morning, with triumph in his voice, that "Mamma's going to buy me another baby to play with soon." Thus the woman over the way is a luckier woman than my grocer's wife, who doesn't know her and looks through her when they pass in the street. Business has stretched her out on its Procrustean bed, lopping a foolish tenderness here, clipping a fond fancy there, trimming and cutting her down to the narrow shape of a "woman of business." And because she does not know what is being done with her, I am all the more sorry for my grocer's wife.

A MILITARY PUFF.

A recent War Office order was for £23 worth of powder-puffs.—DAILY PAPER.

Things must surely have reached an effeminate state,
Not very far short of disgrace,
If facing the powder's so far out of date
They must teach them to powder the face.

We cannot afford them as much as a crown
To be wasted on powder and fluff;
If the army go spending our money on down,
We'll be down on the Army-like snuff!

Yet an order like this sends a thrill through our foes,
To whom fighting is never a joke;
For they must be impressed by the valour of those
Who can still sit in powder and smoke. G. M.

MR. CHARLES MORTON.

"THE GRAND OLD MAN" OF THE AMUSEMENT WORLD.

TO be directing a great enterprise at eighty-four, and directing it with the success and the energy which might be expected of a man half that age, is an achievement of which Mr. Morton may well be proud. That, however, is what he is doing at the Palace, which owes its extraordinary prestige entirely to his management.

Born in Hackney on Aug. 15, 1819, Mr. Morton has, in his lifetime, seen the birth and growth to its present remarkable virility of the modern music-hall. So great a part has he played in shaping its destinies that he has been called "the Father of the Music-halls," a term at whose propriety no one will be disposed to cavil.

He was one-and-twenty when he became manager of the St. George's Tavern, in the Belgrave Road, Pimlico. In those days many of the most enterprising tavern-proprietors had what were called "Harmonic Meetings" as additional attractions for the male members of the community to whom they specially appealed. The "harmony" was contributed, for the most part, by volunteers who were naturally amateurs, and occasionally very excellent amateurs at that. Their efforts were



MR. CHARLES MORTON AT THE PALACE.
THE VETERAN MANAGER WATCHES THE SHOW EVERY NIGHT
FROM THIS SEAT.

sometimes diversified by the sleight-of-hand tricks of conjurers, who made a point of going from one tavern to another. After a time, Mr. Morton left the St. George's Tavern, and after managing the Crown, at Pentonville Hill, and the India House, in Leadenhall Street, he took the Canterbury Arms, in the Upper Marsh, Lambeth, and there made his first serious effort for the entertainment of the public in December 1849. Not only did he improve the "Harmonic Meetings," but he went so far as to add some professional singers and paid them a salary for their services. The Canterbury Arms had already got a reputation for its occasional "Sing-songs," as they were called, for among its performers, it is said, it had on one occasion included no less eminent a man than the late Sims Reeves.

In time, the audience became so numerous and so regular that Mr. Morton determined to enlarge the accommodation, so he built a hall on the bowling-green which, with four skittle-alleys, was an annexe of the Canterbury Arms, and in 1852 he opened the "Canterbury Hall," as he called it.

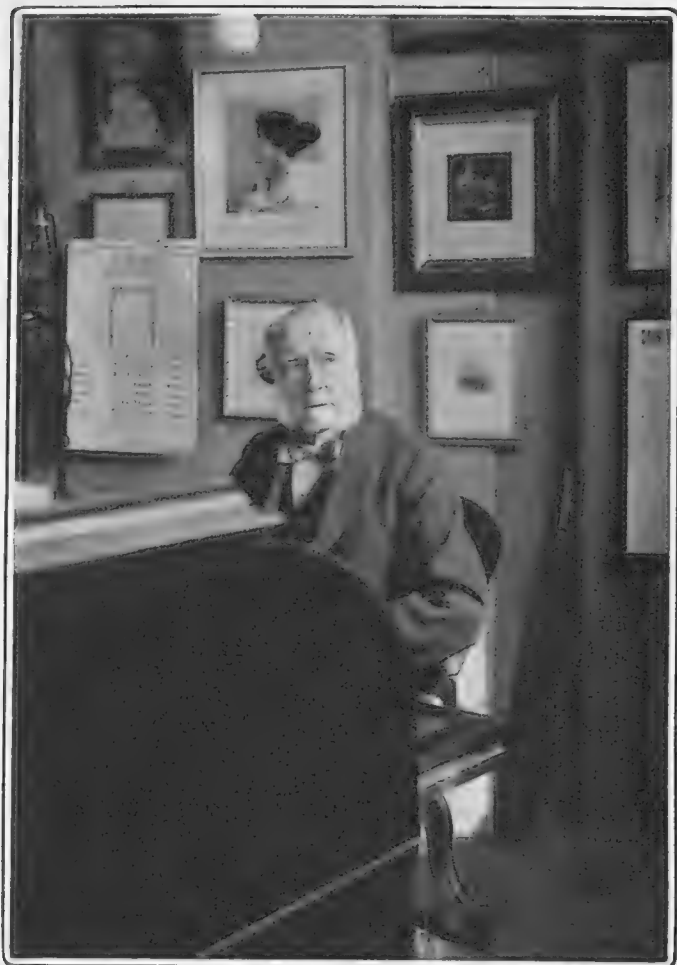
The enormous success of the Canterbury Hall, from which people were turned away every night, induced Mr. Morton to build a second, which was opened in 1854, while later on, in front of and surrounding the old Canterbury was erected the Ante-Hall, with billiard and supper rooms and fine-art galleries. It was a feat which might be envied even to-day, for the entertainment was never stopped for a single evening. Then came the founding of the Oxford Music Hall, which was opened early in 1861, such famous singers as Mr. Santley and Mdlle. Parepa, afterwards Madame Parepa-Rosa, taking part. Its regular Company was the same as that which worked at the Canterbury, and so started the idea of an artiste playing at more than one house in the same evening. Soon after, Mr. Morton became the lessee and manager of the North Woolwich Gardens and of the Philharmonic Music-Hall.

Among his other theatrical enterprises were a short partnership at the Gaiety with Mr. John Hollingshead, the direction of the Opéra-Comique, the Lyceum, the Royalty, the Duke's, the Alexandra, the Park, Camden Town, the Standard, the Surrey, the Olympic, the old Her Majesty's, the Alhambra, when it was first opened, the Connaught, the Avenue, Drury Lane, and the Empire.

Whatever he touched succeeded. The reason was not luck, but a clear insight into what was needed by the public. It was, therefore, not surprising that, when he was over seventy, the proprietors of the Tivoli Music Hall asked him to become the manager. He at once placed that popular house on a financially successful basis, as he did the Palace and as he has done many of the provincial theatres.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

LXIV.—MR. CHARLES MORTON.



"I CAN SPARE YOU EXACTLY SEVEN MINUTES."



"IN MEMORY OF MY EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY."



"A NEW TURN, AND A VERY GOOD ONE. I'LL GIVE 'EM A TWELVE WEEKS' ENGAGEMENT."



"HOW'S THE BOOKING? EH? GOOD."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. MORLEY'S "Life of Gladstone" is practically the one book of the year. It has driven every other into the background, and may keep them there for a long time to come. There is hardly anyone who has not his own contribution or comment to make on Mr. Gladstone and his career as recorded by Mr. Morley. So far as the newspaper reviews go, Mr. Morley has reason to congratulate himself. His achievement has been universally praised. There will, no doubt, be a reaction, but, when all abatement is made, Mr. Morley is entitled to the praise of having produced the best political biography in the English language. Without attempting to review it or to enter into political controversy, I may make a few notes on points that have been raised by the critics.

In the *Athenæum* Sir Charles Dilke's extraordinary knowledge of recent history has been again and again utilised in the criticism of contemporary records.

He has a sure knowledge of facts, is punctiliously accurate, and never shows any temptation to be unfair. In reviewing Mr. Morley's book, he declares that it contains only one revelation—the note in which it is mentioned that Mr. Gladstone would have advised the Queen to choose Lord Spencer as his successor. Mr. Gladstone's advice was not sought, and Lord Rosebery took the helm. But, although I never heard it said that Lord Spencer would have been Mr. Gladstone's nominee, I have frequently been told in Political Clubs that Mr. Gladstone had nothing to do with the choice of Lord Rosebery. It is quite possible that the veteran may have anticipated the resulting asperities and dissensions. Another point on which Sir Charles Dilke regards Mr. Morley as likely to reverse the general opinion concerns the definiteness of Gladstone's retirement from public life in 1874. It was generally believed that Mr.

Gladstone had no real intention of permanently remaining out of official life. But the form of his private notes and the terms of his communication with his colleagues seem to show that he purposed a definite withdrawal. He worked two years at notes on "Future Retribution," and it was undoubtedly the Eastern Question which, unexpectedly to himself, brought Mr. Gladstone back into public life. Even if the Eastern Question had not brought him back, something else would have done so. Such resources, such vigour, and such passion could never have been used up in theological and Homeric controversies.

Mr. Gladstone's relation to the High Church system is touched upon by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. He points out that Mr. Morley nowhere mentions the passionate plea which Mr. Gladstone put forward in youth for the revival of Confession; "nor do we think that where the uttermost frankness and confidence are shown by Gladstone in his self-revelations there need have been on the ground of any supposed delicacy a suppression of the fact that Gladstone himself practised the form of penitence he preached."

Mr. W. H. Rideing, well known to London literary men from his connection with the *North American Review* and the *Youth's Companion*, contributes some vivid recollections of Gladstone's closing years to the *New York Critic*. They will recall Gladstone in his eighties to those

who saw him fitfully even more surely and convincingly than Mr. Morley has done. Mr. Gladstone in private expressed himself with extraordinary vehemence. Thus, of Mr. Parnell after the rupture, he said: "He had statesmanlike qualities, and I found him a wonderfully good man to do business with until I discovered him to be a consummate liar." Mr. Rideing describes very well the social disruption and almost inconceivable hate caused by the Home Rule split. Though Mr. Gladstone was not eminent either as a humourist or a critic, he was a little of both. He took especial pleasure in the exaggerations of American humour. One of his stories was about the boastful clerk who, when told by the servant of another firm that its correspondence involved an expenditure of five thousand dollars a-year for ink, replied, "That is nothing. Last year we stopped dotting our 'i's' and saved ten thousand dollars by that alone." Of Jane Austen he observed, epigrammatically: "She neither dives nor soars," a criticism to which Charlotte Brontë

would have given her warm assent. It was Mr. Rideing who succeeded in persuading Gladstone to write in his eighty-eighth year his recollections of the A. H. Hallam of "In Memoriam." This was, perhaps, the last thing he ever wrote for publication. Mr. Gladstone, I have heard editors say, was a pleasant man to deal with. He could easily be induced to write articles if the subject suited him, but it was of no use to endeavour forcing him to any theme on which he did not choose to utter himself. Though not exigent in money matters, he knew the value attaching to his name and expected to be paid the full market-price. As is well known, he accumulated some thirty thousand books, buying freely from second-hand catalogues, and always insisting on ten per cent. discount. He never made any attempt to keep his library select, but bought what was likely to interest him. He said that, as long as he kept his books down to twenty thousand, he could remember them all, but that when they got to thirty thousand and more he found himself getting duplicates.

O. O.

MAX BEERBOHM AS PROPHET.

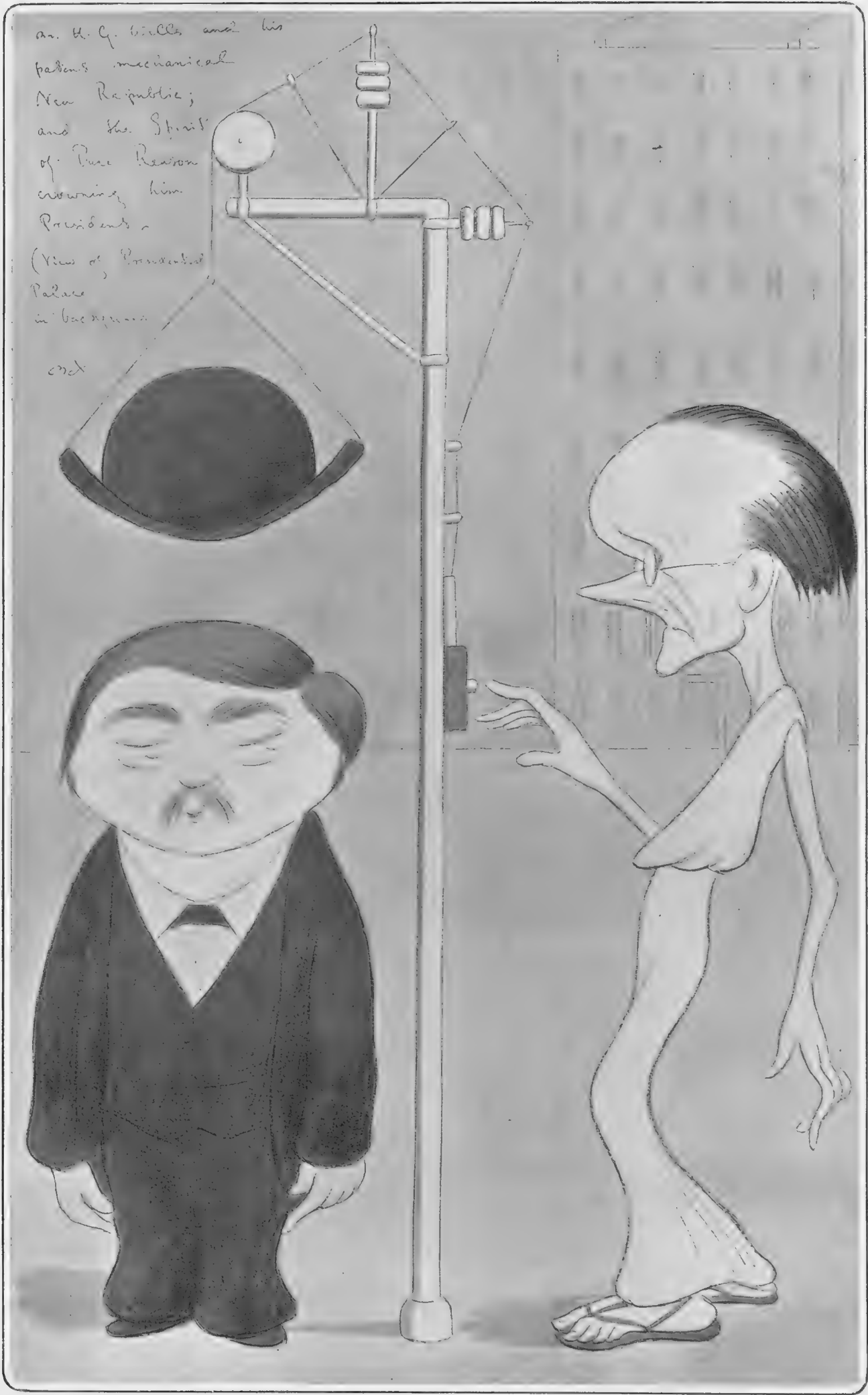
Mr. H. G. Wells has passed from the region of quasi-scientific fiction to that of more or less unscientific and Utopian philosophy. In "Mankind in the Making" Mr. Wells exhorts us in a manner worthy of Carlyle to get rid of "solemn tomfoolery," "ancient shibboleths," and "old-world wisdom," and to go in for securing the physical, mental, and moral perfection of the human race. All present systems, according to Mr. Wells, are sadly at fault; we err even in the nursery, and baby-talk is to Mr. Wells an abomination. From the first, Mr. Wells's infant New Republicans must hear "a clear and uniform pronunciation about them, a precise and careful idiom." Generations yet unborn will doubtless arise to call Mr. Wells blessed, and to crown him, if he lives long enough, as the mechanical regenerator of the race, even as Mr. Max Beerbohm's pencil prophecies on the opposite page. By-the-by, according to Mr. Wells, the Crown of the British Empire is a "convenient convention" which he is "inclined to think is now reacting badly on our future." How "reaction on the future" is managed is a verbal puzzle which only the brain of a New Republican can unravel.



THE GOLFER'S NIGHTMARE.

DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.

“MANKIND IN THE MAKING.”



MR. H. G. WELLS AND HIS PATENT MECHANICAL NEW REPUBLIC.
THE SPIRIT OF PURE REASON IS SEEN CROWNING MR. WELLS PRESIDENT. IN THE BACKGROUND MAY BE
OBSERVED A VIEW OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE.
DRAWN BY MAX BEERBOHM.



making somewhere one morning and going to paint together. He seemed rather startled when he saw my picture. I think painting is bad for the nerves and mean to run away again to-morrow.

EXTRACT FROM NINTH LETTER (AIX-LES-BAINS):
... It was rather silly of me, but, by way of accounting for myself to Mr. Waterford (the Englishman in last week's letter), I told him I was an art-student on my way to Switzerland to sketch. It appears he is an artist, and he insisted on our

FIVE NEW NOVELS.

"THE YELLOW CRAYON."By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.
(Hurd, Lock. 6s.)

already very familiar, and in the present case it plays no vital part in the plot. The conspirators would have been quite as interesting and effective without their rather obvious symbol. Fortunately, we forget all about it in following the extraordinary story, in which "Mysterious

Mr. Sabin" appears once more in a series of startling adventures. If such things really take place in London under Mr. Oppenheim's eye, then he must enjoy a blessed deliverance from the commonplace, and some of us must be leading horribly humdrum lives on the very verge of an uncomfortable but truly exciting world. Mr. Sabin, or the Duc de Souspennier, whom the author left in a former volume happily married in America to his beautiful Hungarian Countess, has lost his wife, not by death, but by the mandate of the Order of the Yellow Crayon. This happy band, an inner ring of a certain League (by-the-by, it should have been the Primrose Pencil), is a confederation of



MR. WILLIAM ALDEN, THE WELL-KNOWN
AMERICAN HUMOURIST.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.

aristocrats formed to protect their class from the attacks of Socialism. Britain is threatened with a Socialist Prime Minister, a Mr. Brott, who can be kept out of office only by the influence of the Duchesse de Souspennier. So the Order spirits her away from New York, and holds her a virtual prisoner at Dorset House, the home of an active Primrose Dame. There is no end of devilry, some poison, and a little pistol play. Brott is ruined and Mr. Sabin put to an unnecessary amount of inconvenience before he regains his beloved and faithful spouse. But the Order smashes itself, for its chief, who is none other than William II., discovers its vile inner ring of fashionable murderers, of which he was imperially ignorant, and there is a fine to-do at Berlin. Mr. Oppenheim has certainly a vivid imagination and great ingenuity, but "The Yellow Crayon" has not the persuasive charm of his "Traitors." Still, it is good sport.

**"THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF
KINGDOM COME."**By JOHN FOX, JUN.
(Constable, 6s.)

This story of Kentucky at the time of the War of North and South bears the marks of a serial full upon it. Padding is conspicuous and the book needs to be greatly condensed. Chad, the hero, a little boy when the story opens, is rather too much of an Admirable Crichton. Whether in looks, head-work, in feats of strength, or in warfare, he excels all others. All these attributes are counterbalanced by the supposition that he is a nameless wail, which during his early youth causes his hand to be more or less against every man's; but he is ultimately proved to have some of the best blood in Kentucky in his veins, and the skeleton (in wig and peruke) of a most worthy ancestor, in the shape of a great-grandfather, is dug up from under a little hill in the region of the Cumberland. In the earlier part of his life, Melissa, the little, wild mountain-girl, plays the chief part (a sympathetic figure this), but has to give place to Margaret Dean, a girl brought up in Lexington. On the whole, Jack, the terrier, awakens the most interest, and there is a quaint account of the solemn trial held with all ceremony to convict him of sheep-killing. The author gives one or two spirited descriptions of scenes during the War, but there is a lack of inspiration—a feeling that the book has been made to order, with a careful desire to include all the ingredients in their just proportions that the public are supposed to require.

"THE STOLEN EMPEROR."By MRS. HUGH FRASER.
(John Long, 6s.)

In this tale of old Japan, generations before the period of machine-guns and Elswick cruisers, Mrs. Fraser seems to have caught the curiously luxuriant simplicity which is characteristic of this instinctively artistic nation. Her story, deeply moving and impressive, is told in a style which seems to unite the vivid colouring with the artistic restraint of those wonderful Japanese pictures which have so powerfully influenced the art of the West. For a hundred and fourteen years the Hojo Regents dominated the Empire of Japan. The Emperor, who was allowed to reign but not to govern, was always furnished with a wife chosen from a particular clan devoted to the service of the Hojos. If his Divine Brilliance became insubordinate, the Regent arranged for his abdication, and his own or some other Imperial infant reigned in his stead. Mrs. Fraser's tale, which is full of movement and fighting, shows us a great Daimyo, or feudal Baron, named Kashima, who dares to love the Empress herself—an extraordinary presumption even for a man of his birth and power. The enforced abdication of the Emperor and his retirement to a distant monastery suits Kashima's plans. He kidnaps the Empress and her son, the new Emperor, a babe of a year old; but a number of extraordinary coincidences and the faithfulness of humble peasant folk, which recall the fable of the lion and the mouse, bring his schemes to naught. The story altogether has charm, and it carries the reader along so that it is difficult for him to put the book down. The character-drawing, too, is quite as good as one need expect in a story of incident.

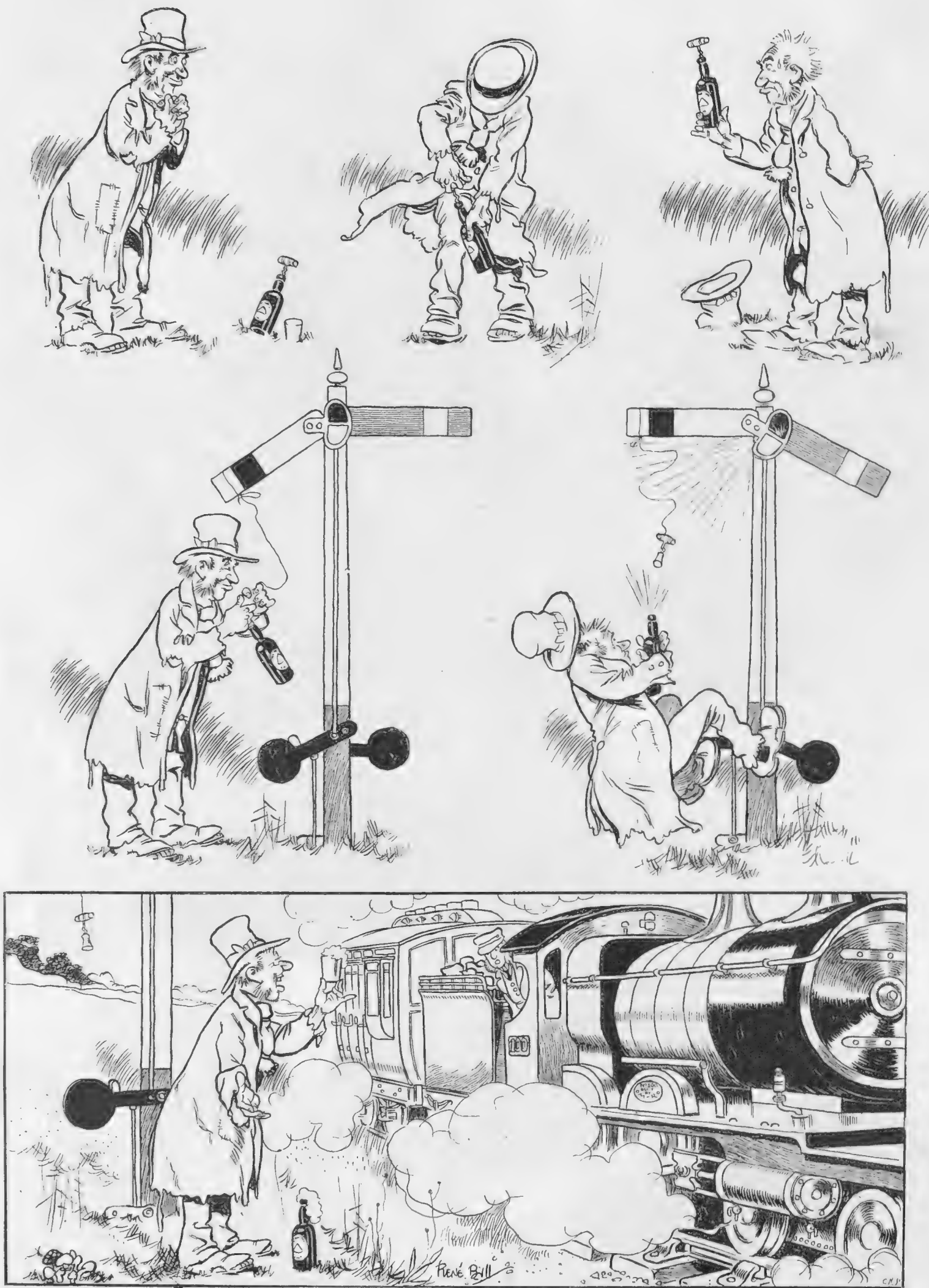
"A SPLENDID IMPOSTOR."By FRED WHISHAW.
(Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

Mr. Fred Wishaw's latest book, "A Splendid Impostor," will fully sustain his reputation. Like most of his stories, it is concerned with the earlier history of that great Northern Empire which has so steadily and relentlessly pursued its way till its farthest Eastern outpost is Port Arthur in the Pacific, and its nearest, at present, the Black Sea. The "Splendid Impostor" is a Pretender to the throne of the Tsars who is used as a cat's-paw by the Holy Roman Church in an attempt to draw the whole Muscovite Empire within its net. The real hero of the tale, however, is a certain young Polish noble, Casimir Zemsky, whose zeal for the Church is exploited by a wily Nuncio to aid the Pretender in his great adventure. True to his religious convictions, Casimir not only devotes himself to the service of the "Splendid Impostor," but even, at the bidding of Holy Church, relinquishes his lady-love to become the bride of the Tsar of a day. Throughout, the story is told with simplicity and directness, but nothing is more impressive than the account of the brave fight made by the "Splendid Impostor" and Zemsky which ends in the death of the former: "A sword in the hands of Dmitry was ever a marvellous and mighty thing, and the memory of that great fight will be for ever with me. A lion at bay indeed was the Tsar! When God makes such another swordsman, may I be alive to see him!" However, the story has a happy ending, for the loyalty of the brave and honest Zemsky meets with its due reward.

**"THE PERIL OF THE
SWORD."**By COLONEL A. F. P.
HARCOURT.
(Skeffington, 6s.)

The story of the relief—or rather, reliefs—of Lucknow has been told many times since the far-off days of the Mutiny, yet even now the tale of the heroic defence of the beleaguered city and of the desperate gallantry of the little armies led by Havelock and Colin Campbell to raise the siege cannot fail to fire the blood of even the most sluggish among us. When to this is added the narrative of a brave soldier and his love, related without undue striving after effect by an old Indian officer who himself served during the War, the story becomes still more attractive. Colonel Harcourt introduces us to all the more prominent personages concerned in the stirring events narrated, including Earl Roberts himself, to whom his book is, by permission, dedicated, and one cannot help thinking that even the actors in what may, perhaps, be called the minor events of the tale are real personages. Whether that be so or not, the book is most interesting, and the tragedy of the siege is relieved by many good stories and some curious examples of "Baboo" letter-writing.

Mr. William Livingston Alden is one of the many distinguished Americans who have elected to make their home in England. Born in 1837, Mr. Alden was educated at Jefferson and La Fayette Colleges, and afterwards became a New York barrister. Five years at the Bar, however, apparently satisfied him, since for some twenty years following he worked hard as a journalist. In 1885 he was appointed United States Consul-General at Rome, but four years later he discarded diplomacy and devoted himself solely to literature, for which he always had a decided bent. Previous to this, indeed, he had published several successful books.



A SIGNAL ACHIEVEMENT.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.



"TRUTH HATH A QUIET BREAST."

LADY (*to Tramp*): What were you doing round by my fowl-house just now?

TRAMP: If you please, Mum, I'm a "Tit-Bits" searcher!

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

A NOVEL

A NUTSHELL.

A DEBT OF HONOUR.

BY

JOHN WORNE.



JACK kissed Edith passionately and hurried away.

It happened on the top of a 'bus; and, as it came out in the evidence that they had never seen each other before and had not been introduced, and the only explanation Jack could give was that she looked so pretty, the Magistrate felt justified in imposing a fine of one pound and costs for a common assault. There was an unpleasant alternative, the amount of which was calculated in days. No hope was held out that the Home Secretary would interfere.

The Prisoner trembled a little when he heard the sentence, but quickly recovered his self-possession, drew himself up, and faced the Magistrate proudly.

"To pay money," he said, in clear, calm tones, "for that kiss would be to degrade it. I would labour hard for a whole year in the hope of another. Take me to prison."

"Next case," said the Magistrate.

A policeman touched the Prisoner on the shoulder. Edith uttered a little shriek and rushed forward, her purse in her hand.

"Silence!" bawled the Usher, so loudly that nothing else could be heard. "Silence!" he repeated, and the stuffy little room reverberated with the noise. That Usher practised not what he preached.

"No, no!" said Edith. "Here is the money."

And she pushed a little pile of silver and coppers which she had emptied from her purse across the table to the Clerk who sat beneath the awful presence.

"No, no!" said the Prisoner.

"Silence!" roared the Usher, and the little crowd which attended at the back of the room to see how much Pa (or Ma, as the case might be) got this time stood on its toes to find out what was happening.

The Clerk counted out the money from the pile and returned the rest to Edith.

"I will not take it!" said the Prisoner.

"We weren't going to offer it to you," said the Magistrate, facetiously; and the crowd roared, and the Magistrate beamed, and the reporters thought of head-lines to announce the joke.

"Silence!" screamed the Usher.

"I *will* go to prison!" said Jack, with determination, stepping close up to a fat policeman, whose mouth spread out into a broad grin. "Take me there at once."

The policeman put his hand respectfully before his mouth and gurgled.

"Stand down," said the Magistrate. "You are discharged."

"It is monstrous," said Jack, "that fines should be accepted from people who haven't incurred them."

"Settle that between yourselves," said the Magistrate. "Run away and don't bother *me*." And Jack, struggling fiercely to remain in custody, was roughly and ignominiously released.

As he stood outside the Court and realised with a pang of indignation that the prison-doors were bolted and barred against him unless he had recourse to the unworthy device of breaking a window or assaulting a policeman, Edith came out, with her mother.

"What on earth made you go and do a silly thing like that?" her mother was saying.

"I—I—don't know," said Edith.

"If you meant to do that, what was the good of us prosecuting the fellow at all? That's what I want to know," grumbled her mother.

"I didn't mean to do it," said Edith, meekly.

"Silly nonsense, I call it!" said her mother. "And with more than your week's salary, too! What are we going to live on if you keep on doing that sort of rubbish, that's what I'm asking?"

"I won't do it again," said Edith.

"I should hope not, indeed: *and* indelicate, I call it. Seems like inviting *him* to do it again, it does."

"Oh no, mother!" said Edith, shocked.

They caught sight of Jack standing near. Edith was passing on,

with her head erect, but her mother stopped and addressed him with acerbity.

"Young man, I trust you will remember what you owe us."

"No, no!" Edith protested, faintly.

"Madam," said Jack to Edith, "I regret that you have thought so meanly of me as to imagine I could not bear my punishment. But perhaps I have deserved the insult. If you will favour me with your address, the money shall be repaid."

Edith replied, proudly, "7, Bellevue Villas——"

Her mother interrupted. "What has our address got to do with *him*?" she asked, fearing further developments.

"How can I repay the money if I don't know where to send it?"

"Yes, how can he repay the money?" said Edith.

Edith's mother was puzzled. "Well, I suppose it can't be helped," she said; "7, Bellevue Villas, Paradise Road, Camden Town."

And, without deigning him a further word, they passed.

It ought to be mentioned that Edith did glance back once, but that was only to look at the clock over the door of the Court, as they had already wasted more time than they could spare. And when she saw that Jack was gazing after them (which anyone facing in the direction of the Court must have noticed), she, of course, turned away at once without having seen the clock at all.

"I wonder how the time is going?" said her mother.

Obviously, it became necessary to turn round and look at the clock again. The horrid, vulgar fellow was still staring, as she observed with some satisfaction. Not that she gave him the slightest encouragement.

With heavy hearts the two went home. That money was a serious matter, for a small pension and Edith's earnings as a typist made up all they had to live on, and Edith's mother could not but think that it was ill-spent in keeping young men out of prison. "How are we to know he'll ever pay it back?" she grumbled.

"I think it will be all right, mother dear," said Edith, quietly, but with the air of one who knew.

"Think!" said the old lady. "What's the good of thinking, that's what I want to know? Best part of thirty shillings, and the butcher wanting to know when last week's bill 'ull be paid! Huh! What were you doing it for, that's what puzzles me?"

"I do not think we ought to be vindictive, mother. It was only Christian to forgive."

"Some folks take the command about turning the other cheek too literally for my taste," said her mother.

"Well, I must be getting down to the office. I promised to be back as soon as I could."

She picked up her gloves and rose from the table at which they had been taking their frugal lunch. As she threw back her head to get the hair from her forehead and inserted the long and blood-thirsty spikes into her hat, the mother dimly understood the young man's explanation of his crime, without for a moment accepting it as an excuse.

"How are you going?" she asked, doubt assailing her mind.

"Bus," replied Edith, carelessly, "unless there's half-a-crown to spare for a cab."

Her mother looked at her with hesitation.

"Hadh't I better come with you?" she asked.

"Oh no; I can look after myself!"

"He's less likely to be bothering you if I'm with you."

"Who is?" said Edith, casually.

"Why, that vulgar man."

"Oh, that person! I had forgotten all about him." She tossed her head disdainfully. "Do you propose to come backwards and forwards with me always?"

"No," said her mother, seeing the difficulty; "but just the first few days, when——"

"Don't you bother yourself, mother dear. I'm all right. People don't get run away with nowadays."

There was just a touch of regret in her voice.

She reached the office in safety without an escort, and found herself famous by reason of the early editions of the evening papers. One had even promoted her to the dignity of large letters on the contents bills, a specimen of which had been secured by a fellow typist and was displayed rather prominently on her vacant machine. Blushing furiously, she removed it, amid respectful silence, and sat down. Typing a partnership deed acted as a tonic to her troubled nerves, and, fortunately for her, talking during business hours was not allowed. But there are other methods than talking by which a mortal may be baited. Altogether, it was rather an uncomfortable afternoon, and she was much relieved to find herself in the 'bus homeward bound.

But, in spite of the relief, she was still extremely hot and angry both with herself and everybody else. At a crowded corner, she was gazing vacantly through the window at the seedy multitudes who were hurrying past or lounging about a flaring public-house, when she became aware that somebody had got in and was sitting almost opposite to her, engrossed in the Police Court Reports of a half-penny paper: somebody at whom it was absolutely essential that she should not look. She pressed her lips together firmly, and fixed her eyes upon an announcement that this house was under entirely new management. "How rude," she thought, "that is to the late manager!" As the 'bus moved on, other important facts came into view, such as "Ducks are cheap to-day": of which she compelled herself to make a mental note. Just as she had been warned that here everything could be had "as nice as mother makes it," and was reflecting on the ambiguity of such a declaration, she felt, though without seeing it, that that abominable creature was looking at her over the top of his paper. She stared resolutely straight before her, till her eye, alighting on a

restaurant of unusual brilliance, followed it leftwards, and in following it crossed, of necessity, the line of his sight. He was intently reading a summary of the glories of pickles and jam stuck on the 'bus-window to her right, and in returning to their proper position his eyes had inevitably to pass across hers. Thus it happened that two pairs of eyes, sorely against the wishes of their owners, met and flashed in confusion back to "attention," while an old gentleman in the corner, watching, snorted.

After a few minutes, it occurred to Jack that he had not observed accurately the address of the pickles-and-jam maker. Tentatively and with an air of casual indifference, his glance strolled past her and up to that advertisement, noting on the way there that her lips were very tightly closed, and on the way back that her cheeks were

most becomingly flushed. For a time he seemed satisfied; but yet again it occurred to him that he had not made sure what kind of pickles were the pickles in question and whether they were preferable to the pickles he was in the habit of eating. Travelling along to settle these points, his eyes noticed that her eyes had come half the distance in his direction and were studying with an air of absorption the details of an infallible cure for deafness which was proclaimed above him a little to his left. His eyes made a desperate effort to say "How do you do?" to her eyes; but her eyes jerked back haughtily to "eyes front," and his eyes, forgetting pickles, wandered back in dejection to their duty, which was the study of a round, red, and grimy old lady sitting directly opposite, who exhibited no confusion whatever under their gaze.

A few minutes later, he took out an envelope from his pocket and seemed, so far as she could gather without looking, to be dropping coins into it. He then licked the gum carefully, closed it, and wrote something in pencil on the outside. This done, he got up and staggered to the door. The staggering may have meant a broken heart, or it may have been caused by the usual difficulty of walking in an omnibus. She heard him say something to the conductor and hand him the envelope. The conductor looked towards her, seemed puzzled, and then, receiving twopence, nodded; and Jack jumped down and disappeared in the crowd.

When, five minutes afterwards, it was her turn to leave, the conductor held out the envelope towards her.

"Young gentleman asked me to give you this, Miss."

She took it doubtfully. On it was written, "To the Maid with the Glorious Hair."

"You've made a mistake," she replied.

"No, that's all right, Miss," said the conductor: "that's the right address." He glanced at her hair.

And, to avoid unpleasantness,

she went away with the envelope in her hand, and, on opening it in secret, found that it contained two threepenny-bits, four pennies, and two stamps, with a scrawl explaining that this was a first instalment. The letter was anonymous and the writer expressed a wish to conceal his identity. She threw the paper and envelope into the fire, but got it out again, slightly blackened, just before her mother came into the room.

"Anything happened?" asked her mother, as they sat down to supper.

"No," said Edith; "what was there to happen?"

"Nothing. Only I thought he might have been bothering you."

"Who?" said Edith.

"Why, that fellow who ought to be in prison."



STUDIES OF CHILDREN: BY TOM BROWNE.

IX.—"DELIGHT." (A WEST OF IRELAND BOY.)

"Oh, him!" she replied, scornfully. "Isn't it time you got him out of your head?"

"He won't be out of it till he's paid that money."

"He sent a shilling in a letter."

"Oh, he did, did he? And where, may I ask, did he send it to?"

Edith hesitated a moment. "A—a messenger gave it to me on the way home."

Edith was always most truthful.

"Oh!" said her mother, "and how did he know who to give it to?"

"He knew me—by the address. I saw Uncle John this afternoon."

"Oh, indeed!" said her mother. "And did he say whether he was ever going to pay back what he borrowed from your poor father?"

And thus was the conversation successfully turned, for Uncle John was an irresistible subject. The old lady was still grumbling about him and Edith was clearing away the remnants of their meal, when there came a knock at the door. On opening, Edith found there a man, who bowed and murmured her name. She said "yes" and waited.

"I'm glad to say," he went on, "that I am at last able to pay another instalment of my debt."

Uncertain what to reply, she said nothing.

He sighed gently, and held out a shilling. She took it and prepared to shut the door. He seemed to be waiting for something. She looked at him interrogatively.

"A receipt," he murmured.

"Who's that there?" said her mother, who could be heard coming out into the hall.

"Never mind the receipt," said Jack, and disappeared.

"Who was it?" asked the mother.

"Only another shilling—from him," Edith replied, casually.

"Oh!" said her mother. She had a most irritating way of saying "Oh!" "And who brought it this time?"

"It was too dark to see the man's face."

Edith was most wonderfully truthful.

"Well," said her mother, "he'll oblige me by paying more at a time, or waiting till he can."

"Hadh't we better take it as we can get it?"

"This sort of nonsense must be stopped. You can't have the man haunting you."

"No," said Edith.

"You'll have to tell the police."

"Certainly," said Edith.

"It's a pity, I say, that you were fool enough to keep him out."

"Did you want him to come in?"

"Out of prison, I mean."

"Oh!" said Edith.

"I'll see him myself next time he comes, and stop his nonsense."

"Yes, mother."

"Poor child!" said her mother. "Not but what you brought it on yourself, I always say."

And Edith was overwhelmed by the thought of her unhappy position, and was further subjected to the petty annoyance of receiving another shilling by the first post next morning.

That settled it. In response to Edith's unexpressed and unfelt wish, her mother left their rooms locked up and went with her to the office. Lucky it was that she did, for they received a further instalment of sevenpence on the way. It is difficult to express the relief and satisfaction of Edith as she remembered, on his approach with the stamps, that her dear mother was beside her to protect and sympathise, and her gratitude when, at five-thirty, the old lady turned up at the office and conveyed her carefully home unharmed. And yet she was curiously irritated all the evening, and yet not in such a bad temper as to allow her mother to answer the door whenever there came a knock.

"I can't stand this any longer," said her mother, who had been in a state of half-suppressed exasperation all day; "I'm going round to the police!"

"What can they do?" asked Edith, quickly.

"They can deal with suspicious characters and save a woman from being molested continually in the streets."

"Yes," said Edith. "I suppose we must do without the money."

Her mother, who had risen, stopped and looked at her.

Edith went on: "We can't force it out of him, and I suppose we'll have to take it as he likes to give it."

Her mother hesitated. "What's the good of the police if they can't make him pay it all at once? This is a law-abiding country. I'm going round to see."

"Round where?"

"Round to the police-station. Where do you think? It's more'n I can stand, sittin' here and expectin' him to break into the house at any moment, like."

"I wouldn't worry myself," said Edith; "he's harmless enough. I believe he's half-witted."

"And what's the police for, if not to lock up lunatics?" said her mother, hotly.

"Yes, I suppose it would be better: and we can do all right without the money."

Her mother, half-way to the door, stopped again. After reflection, she said, "Well, there's no harm in asking whether we can't do something."

"No," said Edith, "and it will ease our minds. Shall I go?"

"No, my dear: he may be watching outside. And I'd like to see him trying to talk to me!"

"He seems to have cheek enough for anything."

"And you needn't open the door to anybody while I'm away."

"No, mother dear. Don't be long."

And Edith kept guard while her mother hurried off for help. There was a knock at the front-door, suspiciously soon after the old lady had disappeared round the corner. There was no answer, so the knock was repeated. "It may be the postman," thought Edith, "coming at an unusual time." Again the knock was heard, and it sounded a little imperious, with a persuasive imperiousness. Suppose it were a letter containing a cheque from Uncle John. How annoying it would be to have turned such a thing from the door! And it was the more likely to be something from Uncle John as they had been talking about him only the day before. So she opened the door cautiously and—

At the police-station Edith's mother did not receive very much encouragement, being bound to admit that the persecutor confined himself to handing over small sums of money without saying anything. But a friendly constable promised to keep a "pertickler" eye on her house, and with that, after half-an-hour's waiting, she had to be content.

She came back and found Jack in her dining-room, forcing his unwelcome attentions upon Edith, who was holding his hand or having her hand held by him. This distinction is important, though often hard to discern. Edith's mother did not discern it, but rushed upon the intruder and seized him by the collar, in defence of her helpless child. At the same time she screamed for the police, Edith being, of course, too frightened to take any such active steps. She could only exclaim, "Mother, what are you doing?"

Jack wriggled himself free, and the old and yet not altogether feeble lady prepared for another onslaught, as he ruefully straightened his tie and tried to squeeze his collar back into shape.

"I told you how it would be," said Edith, and her mother took it as a reproach to herself for leaving the poor chick unprotected.

She rushed once more upon him in maternal fury, and he fled round the table in his anxiety not to hurt her. Frantically waving her umbrella, she pursued him, but he moved the table about, keeping it as a barricade between himself and destruction, so that her blows fell short.

"Mother!" said Edith; at which despairing cry the attack was renewed with redoubled violence.

"May I say a few words?" said Jack, now penned up in a corner and holding a round cushion of horsehair before his face. Edith's mother paused.

"I think you had better go," said Edith.

"Better go!" echoed her mother. "Better go! I'll see to that! Nice thing if defenceless women aren't safe in their houses! Where's the police? I'll let him—"

"I only came to make arrangements for paying back——"

"Oh! You came to make arrangements!" It was said with scorn, but the fury abated.

"Never mind telling about it now," said Edith to Jack, in a tone half of amusement and half of despair.

"Let him go on," said the mother, taking her stand in a warlike attitude, full of resolution, before her child.

Jack paused a moment, reflecting how best to break the news. The moment was not auspicious for what he had to say.

"I have been making a suggestion to your sister——"

"My sister?"

Jack waved an explanatory hand towards Edith, and her mother snorted, "My daughter!"

"You don't say so!" said Jack. "Who could have guessed it?"

Edith's mother snorted again—a snort of incredulity mingled with satisfaction. Jack went on. She seemed more willing to listen. "Understanding the difficulty in which I am placed, your sister—er—daughter" (Edith's mother lowered the umbrella and almost smiled) "has agreed to accept me in full payment of the debt."

"What!" said Edith's mother, looking round at her in astonishment. Edith's eyes were on the ground and her cheeks were very red.

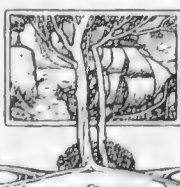
"Do you mean you're going to marry him?"

Edith said nothing, but nodded.

"And here have I been doing all I could to protect you! Why on earth didn't you tell me that before?"



THE



END.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IF present arrangements hold good—as I so often have occasion to say in connection with theatrical enterprises—Mr. George Edwardes will, at last, open the New Gaiety next Saturday night with the new musical play now entitled “The Orchid Hunt.” The above-mentioned reservation seems of late to apply especially to

Mr. Edwardes, for so anxious is he that this or that detail shall be in proper working order that he will often postpone his productions again and again in order to prevent all chance of unreadiness or of mishap. Thus it fell out that, just after I had, happily, made the same reservation in my last week's mems., Mr. Edwardes suddenly decided to postpone the production of the often-postponed “Madame Sans-Gêne” opera, now entitled “The Duchess of Dantzic,” from last Wednesday to last Saturday. Moreover, a subsequently arranged dress-rehearsal,

just finished the new Mar Lodge for the Duchess of Fife. Mr. Marshall MacKenzie has also designed several of the most important new buildings now to be found in London or the provinces.

I have to announce, from information received, that you may expect ere long a new theatre to be built near the Law Courts. Fancy that, as Ibsen's heroine says.

Mr. Martin Harvey, who is, I learn, doing splendid business on tour with his new play, “The Breed of the Treshams,” and his older drama, “The Only Way,” has just secured a new costume-drama of a romantic kind written by Mr. G. P. Bancroft, actor, and Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the bright and promising young novelist who wrote “The Courtship of Morrice Buckler.”

When Sir Henry Irving returns to act in London—which will not be until the end of 1904 or the beginning of 1905—it is not unlikely that he will produce, for his re-entry, a drama which has been based for him upon sundry awful exploits in the sad history of Charles IX. of France.

You must not be surprised, also, if you find Sir Henry comfortably installing himself, a few months hence, in quite a new Lyceum.

The sometime (and often) closed Court Theatre in Sloane Square will, next Monday evening, be re-opened—for a short space, anyhow—by Mr. J. H. Leigh, M.A., who starts operations with a revival of “The Tempest.”

Miss Muriel Seymour Hodges made her first appearance in August 1901 at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, in “Becky Sharp,” at the age of seventeen. She subsequently toured with Mr. Mouillot's Company of “The Man from Blankley's,” afterwards going to the Comedy Theatre under Mr. Lewis Waller's management in “Monsieur Beaucaire,” in which piece she afterwards played in the country. She also fulfilled a short engagement with Madame Réjane at the Imperial Theatre in French plays, and at the present time is on tour with Messrs. Dauncey and Leveaux's Company of “Whitewashing Julia.” She is the daughter of Mr. Seymour Hodges, the clever and courteous business-manager of the Comedy Theatre.

Miss Helen Mar, the original “American Story-Teller,” appeared last Thursday, with Princess Henry of Pless (soprano), the Countess Valda Gleichen (contralto), and the Earl of Shaftesbury (tenor), at a concert arranged by the Duchess of Sutherland in the Victoria Hall, Hanley, in aid of the funds of the Guild for the Relief of the Crippled Children of the Potteries, of which her Grace is the Founder and President. Miss Mar, who, by the way, has had the honour of appearing before His Majesty the King, during the last year or two, oftener than any other entertainer, has for several Seasons diverted Society with her most quaint and original studies of American humour. She has many imitators, but, as one of her countrymen critics observed the other day in reviewing her work, “there is only one Helen Mar.” Her “stories” are delightful, her method is captivating as well as unique, and at the present time she is decidedly one of the most popular entertainers on the stage as well as “in Society.”



MISS HELEN MAR, THE ORIGINAL “AMERICAN STORY-TELLER.”

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

intended, in some measure, for private Press inspection, was, I found, also postponed at very short notice. Still, these things will happen even in the best-regulated theatres, and all of Mr. Edwardes's many theatres surely come into that category.

And now, having finished (so far) with the New Gaiety, I may as well tell you the latest tidings concerning sundry other new theatres.

For example, there is the Waldorf, next door to the New Gaiety, so to speak. This beautiful theatre, which has been designed by Mr. W. G. R. Sprague, will, I understand, be used for the exploitation of some of the biggest “stars” now starring, and not (as some have stated) for the reception of certain touring Companies. On the further side of the block upon which the Waldorf Theatre is to stand will be Mr. Murray Carson's new histrionic home, which is to be called “The Playhouse.” Between this theatre and the Waldorf Theatre will be the Waldorf Hotel, a huge and commodious building which is being designed by Mr. A. Marshall MacKenzie, a celebrated Scotch architect who has designed (among other notable buildings) the New University in his native town, Aberdeen, and has



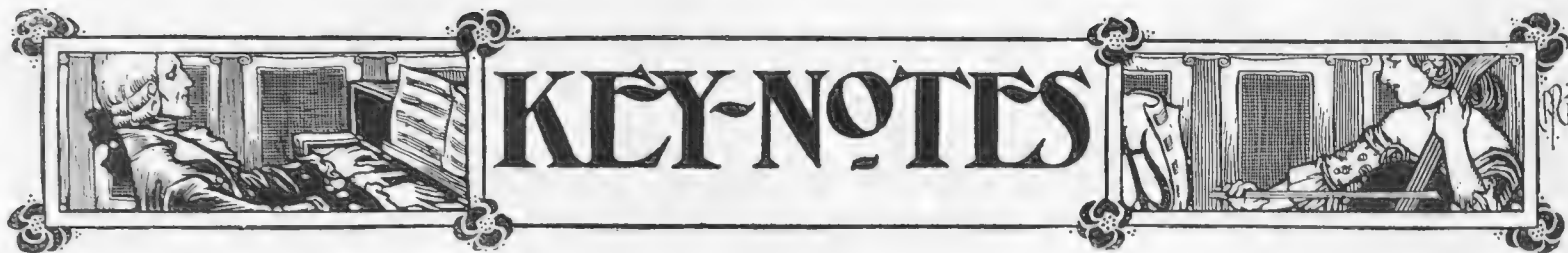
MISS MURIEL SEYMOUR HODGES, DAUGHTER OF MR. SEYMOUR HODGES, BUSINESS-MANAGER OF THE COMEDY.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



MISS JANET ALEXANDER.

Photograph by Langier, Old Bond Street, W.



THE musical world, not only of England but also of Germany and of the chief centres of the art of music in Europe, has taken the profoundest interest in the production of Dr. Edward Elgar's new work, "The Apostles," produced on Wednesday at Birmingham for the first time. Elgar has in this score proved himself



MISS MARIE NICHOLS, WHO WILL GIVE A CONCERT AT ST. JAMES'S HALL ON NOV. 2.

Photograph by Hearn, Boston.

to have advanced ahead even of his past reputation. His "Dream of Gerontius" set him among the first composers of the world. His "The Apostles" places him with Richard Strauss as among those who, in contemporary life, have reached the height and depth of their art. He and Strauss, from entirely different points of view, have met on the same heights. "The Apostles" has apparently puzzled many minds already, but the secret is not very far to seek. Elgar has here attempted (and has succeeded in his attempt) to translate the spiritual message of the times immediately succeeding the death of the founder of Christianity into terms of the highest art. Such a message appeals to him intimately, and, with his magnificent resources of technical accomplishment, he has succeeded even as Wagner succeeded when he composed "Parsifal."

One of the little sensations of the week at Birmingham was the non-appearance of the band-parts to Strauss's "Don Juan," the result that we had instead a performance under Richter of the prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan," sufficiently familiar but played with extraordinary sincerity and beauty by a band which was tuned up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

A work not often heard, Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," played at the same concert, reminded one feelingly of the fact that Berlioz was practically the father of modern music, and that the extent of his genius has never been adequately understood. Mr. S. Speetman played the viola obbligato extremely well, but the work was undoubtedly only a *succès d'estime*, for those who pretend to admire Richard Wagner have not yet created a fashion in Berlioz, the man who was never understood either in his writing or in his composition. To recall Berlioz the critic is as rare an affair as to recall Berlioz the writer of the great work on instrumentation. It was well that Richter recalled on this particular occasion Berlioz the composer of music. On the misty window-pane of his death-room, and on the very morning of his death, Berlioz traced with his dying finger the words "Non omnis moriar." The trouble is that Berlioz never knew his immortality for any purpose of enjoyment.

Sir Hubert Parry has earned for himself the extraordinary reputation of being breezy. I do not know exactly what the word means, but there is no doubt about the fact, and this is my interpretation of that odd word—that he has a certain geniality, a certain smiling outlook upon the general public, which is very effective and which invariably entrances an audience. Precisely this quality belongs to his music, and "Blest Pair of Sirens" is a very good example of the spirit of his art. It is a little noisy, rather rhetorical, but withal singularly full of buoyancy and of virility. I do not know if the description sounds very attractive. For my part, I am sometimes staggered by buoyancy when it never at any moment in a single individual ceases to be; but Birmingham evidently loves this characteristic, and the performance of the "Blest Pair" was a huge success last week, a success not in the manner of Elgar's success, but—may it be called?—a breezy success. As I said before, I do not know what "breezy" means, but I feel that the success was breezy.

It is to be noticed that Elgar's announcement that he has a third part of "The Apostles" in preparation has led certain of the less wise virgins of modern criticism into confident proclamations that the first two parts of the work do not form a complete whole. Such statements are merely irresponsible chatter. With the calling of the Apostles down to the ascension of Christ, obviously a most orbicular idea has been fulfilled. Elgar's determination to pursue his subject, to follow the pioneers of religion in the West through their separate careers, is practically a new thought. The last page of the second part of the score finishes a great scheme.

COMMON CHORD.

Miss Marie Nichols, who will give a concert at St. James's Hall on Nov. 2, with the assistance of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, is a native of Boston, U.S.A., where her talent for the violin was first cultivated locally, and afterwards in Berlin by Carl Halir, and in Paris by Joseph de Broux. Her recent appearances in Paris have aroused immense enthusiasm. At her concert on the 2nd prox., Miss Nichols will use a valuable Nicholas Gagliano violin which has remained in one family since 1768.

THE SKETCH CLUB.

Last Monday (the 19th) the London Sketch Club's Autumn Exhibition opened at the Doré Gallery, 35, New Bond Street. Pending a more detailed notice of the show, it may be mentioned that the exhibits are fully up to the usual high average of merit. The Exhibition will be open from ten till six each day until Saturday, Nov. 14.



THE LONDON SKETCH CLUB.

DRAWING BY MR. JOHN HASSALL FOR THE INVITATION-CARD TO THE AUTUMN EXHIBITION



The Flying Kilomètre—Southport and Clipstone—Tyre Manipulation—Captain Deasy's Daring Feat.

FOR some men, pure, unadulterated speed appears to have the keenest interest. To achieve a high rate of travel upon any moving thing, but particularly upon an automobile, they will take, and do take, huge risks, although when taxed therewith they brush them on one side as of no consequence. Such an one is the Hon. C. S. Rolls, who, chagrined by the poor running of his weird-looking Mors monster at the Southport trials, where little more than a tourist gallop could be urged out of it, resolved to go for his own flying kilomètre record made at Welbeck some months ago, and which stood before Monday, 12th inst., at 27 sec. dead. This he did upon the afternoon of the day just named, and, after two runs over the course, succeeded in clipping his previous best by three-fifths of a second, covering the flying kilomètre at a speed of 84.64, or rather more than eighty-four and a-half miles per hour. This is faster than the speed accredited to railway-trains on any known run, although not quicker than that of the electrically driven train lately tried in Germany.

It has been remarked in these columns and elsewhere that the speeds attained by even the crack racing-cars at Southport did not impress the onlookers with the amount of speed-awe which might have been expected. This was due to the width of the course, the absence of stationary objects close to the cars as they whirled by and the absolutely direct course they followed as they sped to their goal. Had they swerved or rocked from side to side as they hurtled along, the high rate of progression would have at once impressed itself upon the spectators; but the sight of two long, low racing-cars, though flying abreast down the course at over sixty miles per hour, but running as truly and as steadily as though upon rails, quite robbed the thing of any sense of danger, which, after all, is just the sensational fillip giving such exhibitions their chief interest for the many-headed. At Welbeck, however, over the Clipstone course, the aspect of matters is quite different. There the taking-on part of the track is through a gate round a curve, there is a very appreciable return curve in the centre of the kilomètre, and the finish is nearly at the foot of a decline for about two hundred and fifty yards.

The roadway itself is narrow, enclosed on each side by banks and hedges breast-high, so that when the spectator finds a car passing him at over eighty miles an hour, and he stands between it and the hedge,

he *does* realise that it is moving, and, if he was at Southport, concludes that there at least the environment did not lend itself to sensation. The road at Welbeck is so narrow that, if the car swings at all, it swings right from side to side, and that at high speed is sufficient for sensation. Then the wild whirl, shriek, and yell with which the fiercely impelled thing darts by when it is really in its stride is like the Councillor's laugh, "a truly frightful thing," to be seen ere realised. At the moment the Hon. C. S. Rolls stands committed of driving a motor-car over a flying kilomètre faster than anyone has yet done, for the French record on the level track at Dourdan is 29 sec., and his own, as I have said, was 27 sec. Now it is 26½ sec.

Motor-tyre repairs should now really have but little peril for motor-car users, for, if the latest Clincher-Michelin or Dunlop tyres are used, little or no difficulty is found in detaching them from and attaching them to the rim again. If any car-owner contemplates much driving without a mechanic, he should go to the Tyre Dépôt and request instruction in tyre manipulation from one or other of the experts on the premises. He will there be shown two or three little dodges or tricks in handling the outer cover which greatly simplify—indeed, make quite easy—the job of getting the cover off. It is necessary to watch the operations performed, and note the sequence and manner thereof. To convey a clear idea of this through the medium of cold type is an impossibility.

The latest motoring sensation has been Captain Deasy's ascent of the cog-wheel railway up to the Rochers de Naye, above Montreux, on a 14 horse-power Martini car. The accompanying photographs will give a conception of the feat, although the camera rarely furnishes a true representation of a severe gradient. The distance traversed from the starting-point at the Caux Palace Hotel to the summit of the railway was nearly three and a-half miles. The average gradient was 16.8 per cent., or 1 in 6, while for little short of two miles the gradient was 22 per cent., or 1 in 4½. This would be a sufficiently remarkable climb on a fair road. But when the course is rendered severe for the car by transverse sleepers and loose granite ballast, and trying for the nerves of the driver by a margin in many places of only a foot between his wheels and the edge of a precipice with valleys a thousand feet deep, it becomes phenomenal.



THE CAR MAKING THE ASCENT.



A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE LINE.

CAPTAIN DEASY'S ASCENT OF THE COG-WHEEL RAILWAY ABOVE MONTREUX ON A FOURTEEN HORSE-POWER MARTINI CAR.

Photographs by Fransioli, Montreux.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Newmarket—The Cesarewitch—The Cambridgeshire—Sandown.

THERE was a fairly good crowd at the Newmarket Second October Meeting, especially on the Cesarewitch day, but it is about time that racing at headquarters was remodelled. It is preposterous to charge exorbitant sums for admission to the Rings and Paddock at the Rowley Mile Stands, and then to allow two and sometimes three races per day to finish half-a-mile down the course. All races run on the Rowley Mile course ought to finish at the Stand. This is what it must come to in time if the Stewards of the Jockey Club wish to hold their own against the Park meetings run in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis. Further, the carriages belonging to members should be removed to the opposite side of the Ring, to give the occupants of the cheap Rings a better view of the finishes. Again, the Jockey Club ought to run a system of omnibuses to carry the people to and from the railway-station at a fixed charge, as is done at Hurst Park. The latter would be a paying game and would attract more people to the meetings.

The race for the Cesarewitch was decided in the vilest of vile weather, rain falling in sheets the whole of the afternoon. The big crowd present had the greatest difficulty in finding shelter of any sort, and many a weather-beaten old sportsman returned to the town drenched to the skin. Of the race little could be seen until the horses were nearly at the Bushes, where Burses, Zinfandel, and Grey Tick were going best. The latter, well ridden by an Irish apprentice, Hunter, at that point made his final effort and gained a meritorious victory by three-quarters of a length from Zinfandel, who beat Burses by the same distance. Mr. W. Bass thus won the Cesarewitch at the first time of asking, and it is worthy of note here that Grey Tick, who was thought to be a stayer when trained at Epsom, developed into a whaler after a course of strong gallops while leading Sceptre on the Wiltshire Downs.

After the bold show made by Burses in the Cesarewitch, Mr. Jack Hammond's colt must have a big following for the Cambridgeshire, and he is very likely to go close—that is, if he gets away from the gate all right. It is nineteen years since Mr. Hammond captured the double event by the aid of St. Gatien and Florence, the latter a grand mare. I think, however, next Wednesday's race will take a lot of winning, and owners should not hesitate to run their horses if they are wound up. Major Beatty has Glass Jug and Kilglass left in. The latter is very likely to run better than he did at Newmarket last week, when he was bumped in the race. The best of Fallon's lot will take some beating, but I should select Lavengro for the actual winner if it were possible to get the colt to the post fit and well. I have heard

that Lavengro was the best two-year-old Mr. Sievier had in his stable in 1901, and it must not be forgotten that he then owned Sceptre and Duke of Westminster as well.

There will be a big attendance at Sandown Park on the last three days of the week. The racing on the last day will be under National



MR. W. BASS'S GREY TICK (BY FATHER CONFESSOR -SPECIAL WIRE), WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH.

Hunt Rules. The alterations to the Stands and Rings at Sandown are nearing completion, and when all is finished the place will be almost perfect. The managers, too, are real live men, and I think the shares in this Company should rise in the near future, although the capital is a large one. It cannot be denied that the steeplechasing at Sandown Park is second only to that seen at Liverpool, as the fences are big and the course is a capital one for the spectators to see the sport. True, the flat-race courses leave something to be desired, especially the five-furlong course, the starting-gate for which is placed close to the boundary partition. The racing this week should be fairly interesting. I expect there will be a big field of two-year-olds turn out for the Great Sapling Plate, although the race looks a real good thing for Lord Carnarvon's Santry, who is, according to the book, very smart.

CAPTAIN COE.

The King, not content with seeing the series of great victories which marked last week's proceedings, is said to be going to return to his favourite quarters at the Jockey Club next week. The fine, roomy building, to which of late years many additions have been made, contains not only the Royal suite of rooms, but an agreeable selection of apartments which are placed at the disposal of members of this most exclusive Club, which boasts of only sixty-five members and twenty-one honorary members.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE JOCKEY CLUB AND GROUNDS, NEWMARKET.

Photograph by Sherborn.

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

SOMEBODY said somewhere—I think it was the late M. Waddington at a Melton Hunt breakfast—that a winter in Leicestershire was the epitome of existence at its best. Certainly the hunting contingent stage-manages a little terrestrial Eden of its own between the last partridge and the first primrose which offers every excuse for thinking this planet a very passable Paradise under certain conditions.

Doubtless this year's blind hedges and leafy ditches, as a result of too much rain, offer the requisite crumpled rose-leaf to the sportsman's lot, be he mighty hunter or mere waster of cartridges, he who goeth forth to kill, be it well understood—whether fox or pheasant—having little sentiment about “bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.” But be incidentals never so adverse, there is something about a sunny autumn morning, with its red and russet breaking up the green, hounds streaming out of covert, and the cheery field, mostly in pink, pelting after, that lifts one's spirits high in air and makes life at the moment indescribably good to those who have “been there.”

At Melton and about it people are establishing themselves day by day, and the well-known houses—Little Dalley, Baggrave, Egerton, Gaddesby, and the rest—are filled with familiar faces and sporting wardrobes, the neatest of tweeds, the smartest of coats, the jauntiest hat-gear, though, after all, is it not in the wearing as much as the wearables that a smart woman indicates herself? In this connection, and with several American and French folk in mental view, it may be here remarked that Englishwomen pay less attention than they might to the mere art of holding and carrying themselves, as the phrase goes. They are more slovenly in walking, less careful in negotiating a long skirt, less immaculately shod than others of the two aforesaid nationalities, and while infinitely improved on the methods of even thirty years ago, are still inferior—and quite unnecessarily so—to others of equal means and position elsewhere. Want of attention to detail is the chief reason for most sartorial and other shortcomings. When we can give an equal attention to veil, cravat, gloves, and boots as we now accord to hat and gown, we shall be an uncommonly well-dressed corner of the terrestrial globe.

As the time of tea-gowns and tea-coats and new lamp-shades approaches; one finds every woman more or less employed in the consideration of something suitable for “five o'clock.” Three novel and effective garments of the sort were exhibited to my dazzled regards by a newly arrived French dressmaker this week. One of these creations was a vivid cherry-coloured silk mousseline over white silk, trimmed with fine bands of graduated ribbon-velvet to match. Long hanging-sleeves and a delightedly draped front were carried out to admiration. The absence of white lace or other tone than that which showed through the vivid folds of mousseline was very artistic. A strange but charming effect was obtained by a tea-gown of gold tissue under mousseline of two shades, mauve and pale green. It was described in the expressive vernacular of its composer as a “Swiss Sunset.” But whether of correct Helvetian aspect or otherwise, this creation was quite distinctly a success. A grey velvet tea-gown with applications of the new coarse grey woollen lace and narrow borderings of chinchilla was well carried out, and a last model in black lace—Chantilly, I think—with large scrolls of pale-blue velvet applied to it had all the unexpectedness of the Parisian gown in its girdle and embroideries, which were of vivid emerald sequins.

The fashion of wearing posies in sable and chinchilla muffs is one that will be seen again. A few years ago the universal flower was the Neapolitan violet; this year it is to be roses, a notion that may have

originated with Miss Fanny Ward's becoming disposition of her sables in that most entertaining play, “The Climbers.” In the same Act, Miss Lily Hanbury wears a bunch of pink roses in her three-cornered sable hat with the best results. Fur, however beautiful, is apt to look heavy worn near the face unless relieved with the graceful frivolities of flowers or lace, or a large, glittering buckle in paste and enamel, like those affected in Paris at the moment.

I hear wonderful accounts from the “Old Country” of the transformation-scene that is to take place at Kylemore, that modern Aladdin's Palace set down by the magician hand of money in the wildest, most beautiful, and most poverty-stricken part of the world. Everybody is delighted, from Peer to peasant, that Kylemore is to be set going again, and the coming of an American duchess is dear to the imagination of a people with whom feudalism is still a creed, yet who look upon New York as the refuge of their race. It is hoped that the King will go there later on. He will find no more loyal subjects than his wild Connemara folk from St. James's even unto Simla. SYBIL.



A MODISH COAT IN LIGHT CLOTH.

“THE PILGRIMS” AND THE ALASKA COMMISSION.

The dinner given at Claridge's last Thursday by “The Pilgrims” of London in honour of the Alaska Boundary Commission was one of the most notable of their many successful gatherings. Earl Roberts presided over a company which numbered a hundred and sixty and included the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Jersey, Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, the Hon. Elihu Root, United States Secretary for War, Lord Mount Stephen, Lord Strathcona, and many other distinguished English, American, and Colonial representatives. The speech of the evening was naturally that of Lord Lansdowne, but those of Lord Alverstone and Senator Turner were enlivened by touches of humour that made them particularly acceptable. Altogether, Mr. Harry Brittain, the Hon. Secretary of “The Pilgrims,” to whose exertions the success of the meeting was largely due, must be heartily congratulated on the result of his labours.

“The Girl's Realm Annual” for 1903 (just published by Messrs. Bousfield) will delight the hearts of members of the gentler sex. It is full of good things, from tales of thrilling interest to items of useful information. The list of authors and artists comprises many of the best-known names, the illustrations—of which there are more than a thousand—being of a high order of excellence. The volume contains also Mr. G. A. Henty's last serial story, “A Soldier's Daughter,” and, altogether, a selection

Mr. S. H. Leeder, has provided his readers with a varied selection which shows how thoroughly he understands and appreciates their tastes.

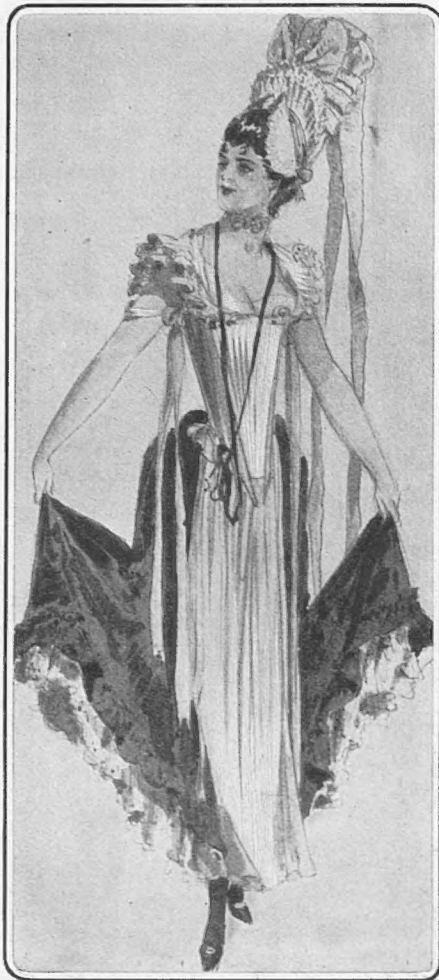
To-morrow (Oct. 22) Miss Blanche Gaston-Murray will give an evening concert at the Cripplegate Institute, Golden Lane, E.C. She will be assisted by Miss Ethel Humphreys (who will recite), Miss Margaret Cooper, Mr. Kandell Jackson, and Mr. Sydney Ewart. The latter gentleman will take part with Miss Gaston-Murray in some humorous duets.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announce that their day services to and from Paris *via* Newhaven and Dieppe have been accelerated by a quarter of an hour on the outward and by twenty minutes on the homeward journey. The trains leave Victoria and London Bridge at the usual hour of 10 a.m., reaching Paris at 6.40 p.m., whilst the departure from Paris is at 10.20 a.m. with arrival in London at 7 p.m. The earlier arrival in Paris and the later departure from that city for London still further improve the connections with the South.

SOME OF THE COSTUMES IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC," AT THE LYRIC.



AS A VIVANDIÈRE.



AS A LAUNDRESS.



AS THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC.

LA SANS-GÊNE, THE "DUCHESS OF DANTZIC" (MISS EVIE GREENE).

FRANÇOIS, MARÉCHAL LEFEBVRE
(MR. DENIS O'SULLIVAN).PHILIPPE, VICOMTE DE BÉTHUNE
(MR. LAWRENCE REA).NAPOLEON BONAPARTE (MR. HOLBROOK
BLINN).*Reproduced, by special permission, from the Original Designs by Mr. Percy Anderson.*

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 27.

LAME DUCKS.

MANY people wonder that, as settlement after settlement passes off without failures, we see no permanent revival. The now usual course is, that after the account we have quite a cheerful appearance on the face of the markets, but renewed selling invariably very soon depresses things to the old level or a little below. This unsatisfactory state of affairs is directly due to the fact that, instead of failures, we have a number of weak accounts "helped over," and, as a consequence, blocks of stock have been hanging over nearly every market and must be sold on the first opportunity.

If, instead of helping lame ducks, carrying stock for them, and generally arranging their accounts, the normal course of events had been allowed to have its way, we should very likely have had almost a panic, many members would have been hammered, but there the trouble would have ended, and, instead of every revival being strangled as soon as it came into existence, matters would have righted themselves before now.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE LIFEBOAT.

By the courtesy of a friend in the Stock Exchange, an excellent amateur photographer, we are able to show the lifeboat *Stock Exchange*, that lies ready for service in Lowestoft Harbour. The House, of course, subscribes largely to the funds of the National Lifeboat Institution, and the annual invitation for donations always meets with a ready response. The Stock Exchange lifeboat is about to enter upon its septennial year of service. One stormy November day deserves special remembrance. The crew took out the boat three times in as few hours, saving two ships entirely, and rescuing men from a third which had stranded outside the harbour. It was on this occasion that the Secretary of the Lifeboat Institution wrote to Sir Patteson Nickalls detailing the remarkable adventures of the *Stock Exchange* on that eventful day.

YANKEE AND MEXICAN RAILS.

To imagine a smaller account than that now existing in Americans on this side of the "herring-pond" might be a difficult matter. Speculators seem afraid to touch the Yankee Market at any price, for which timidity the recent slump in Steel shares has much to answer. The stability of the grossly capitalised Corporation is openly doubted, the probable effects of its reconstruction, should that become necessary, frankly canvassed. Until some of the moot points are settled one way or the other, we should say that the Yankee Market will fail to attract British attention. It is not as though the United States were still in the powerful grasp of such high and increasing prosperity as was the case but a year ago: all signs point to the recent wave of abundant fortune having reached its crest. Some even in the States are going so far as to welcome these indications of a declension in trade, as likely to bring to reason the monstrous tyranny exercised by the Trades Unions of America. The railroads continue to enjoy good traffics, but every report that comes across speaks of increases in expenditure in much greater degree than in receipts, and there seems little to attract attention to Yankees save for those who wish to gamble for differences.

Mexican Railway stocks have fallen, upon a dividend on the First Preference of an eighth per cent. less than the market was anticipating. The decline affords an opportunity to buy stock, while those who are already holders need not trouble themselves about the fall. Silver during the current half-year has stood about sevenpence an ounce higher than the average price of the past six months, and there is no reason to suppose it will react for a good while to come. Mexican Railway traffics are good, and if the efforts to cope with the currency question should be successful, that will be one more bull point added to the outlook for the stocks under consideration.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"I say, Brokie," exclaimed The Jobber, hurriedly, "are you a Free Trader, or Free Fooder, or what?"

The other Houseman looked round the compartment with a somewhat puzzled air. Emphatic political views have been known to lose important clients.

"Why ask?" he demanded, at length. "Surely there is only one side that a sensible man can take."

"Hear, hear!" cried The Engineer. "Glad to hear you favour Protection, sir."

"I imagined our friend was alluding to the Free Trade principles," remarked The Banker.

"It doesn't seem to make much difference to business." The Broker adroitly evaded a difficult situation, but The Jobber was not going to let the question drop so easily.

"Every man in the Stock Exchange, except a favoured few," he declared, "ought to be a Free Trader out of self-interest."

A chorus of surprise arose. "Thought you Stock Exchange fellows were such rank Conservatives," The Merchant said, above the noise.

"Why ought we to be Free Traders?" asked The Broker, unguardedly.

"Ha, ha! Mesees the cloven hoof," his friend taunted him. "Nevertheless, the House should vote Free Trade to a man, because it's got no money."

"Explain yourself, my dear sir," pleaded The Banker.

"Every man with money has probably got that money invested in one or more industries that would benefit by Protection," laid down the oracle.

"Fire away!" The Engineer urged.

"But the plain, moneyless men, same as Brokie and myself, want to get our things as cheaply as we possibly can, without sweating anybody, of course, and if Protection is adopted, up will go prices all round."

"Not bacon," objected The City Editor. "No," he continued, hastily, as The Jobber appealed to him, "I'm not a politician: I'm a journalist, and therefore have no politics."

The others looked at him with a touch of pity.

"Can't live on bacon and jam and pickles," said The Jobber, with decision, whereat The Banker visibly shuddered and said he would just as soon think of eating Consols.

"You wouldn't grow very fat on *them*, at all events on this side of Christmas," The Jobber returned. "Thank Heaven, we shall get our sausages duty-free, whatever tariff-wall the turkeys may have to fly over."

"You seem garrulous—not to say a little premature—this morning," The Broker observed, rudely. "What's the matter?"

"The Kaffir boomlet's got into his head," smiled The Merchant.

"Is it going to last?" The Engineer inquired.

"I mistrust it," doubted The Banker, slowly shaking his head.

"Take your seats for the boom, gentlemen!" cried The Broker, lighting a fresh cigar.

"After you with that case if they're Por Larranaga," suggested The Jobber. "Thanks. Have you tried these?" he asked The Engineer.

The Broker said nothing, but when the case came back he muttered something about their not being "jobbers' cigars."

"Kaffirs won't run away," The Jobber announced, at length, as he pierced his ill-gotten gain. "But you can buy them for a short and certain profit."

"No boom, eh?"

"Not yet. You must all possess your hungry souls in patience. But the day will come."

"Do you really and honestly think we shall ever see a Kaffir boom again?" The Engineer wanted to know.

"As sure as we all sit here, there will come a boom in South Africans such as will surpass all previous experience," said the optimist, calmly.

"And your reasons for saying so?"

"Are, in brief, the restraint which the gambling public—who are ever increasing—have practised for the past eight years, and the absolute necessity for such a boom on the part of the controlling houses, who must have money for the development of the country."

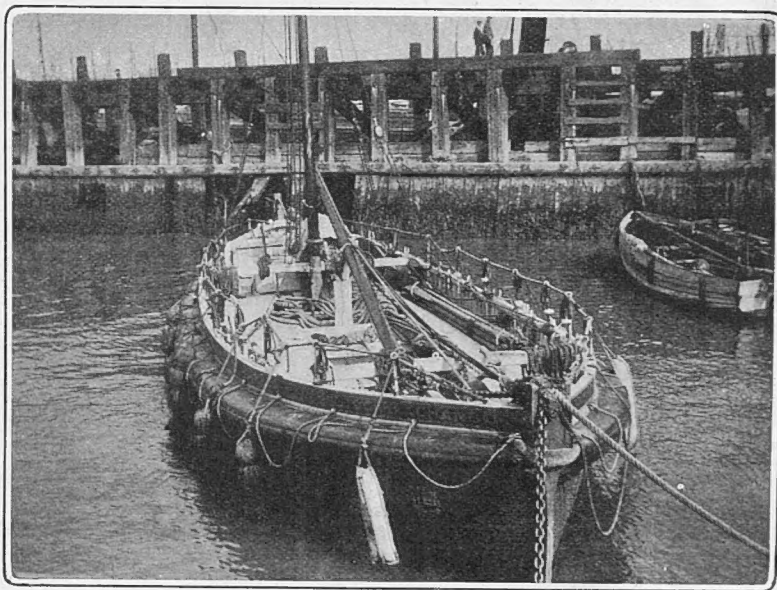
"Development in a way that has never been attempted before," added The Broker, dazzled by the glittering prospect held out by his friend.

"And when's all this going to begin?" asked The City Editor, half-quizzically.

"I agree that you may book your seats now," replied The Jobber. "Whether you may have to sit on them for a year or so before the boom comes I really am not competent to say."

"Enough said, enough said!" The Engineer cried, enthusiastically. "At last we have a man with the courage of his opinions."

"Like Mr. Chamberlain," said The Merchant, intending a compliment.



THE STOCK EXCHANGE LIFEBOAT.

"Not a bit like him," was the valiant retort. "I'm going to stick to my opinions."

Only The Banker's suave interference saved the situation. The old gentleman peacefully guided The Carriage into the Jungle.

"You Stock Exchange people expect us to lend you money on anything nowadays," he finished, reproachfully.

"There's a good time coming in West Africans, all the same," The Broker felt justified in asserting, with a fine disregard of The City Editor's smile that won't come off.

"After all, it's best to stick to dividend-paying things, I am certain," declared The Merchant, with resolution. "If I had put all the money into Consols that I have put into mining gambles and suchlike, I'd have been a richer man to-day."

"That is a good principle," assented The Banker, "but I fear most men would have a considerable difficulty in following it out."

"Luckily for the Stock Exchange," was The Jobber's bluntly put truth. "We should die if there were no speculation—die of starvation," and he plaintively indicated the tightening of a belt.

"Home Rails: what about Home Rails?" The Engineer inquired.

"Let them alone for a bit, and buy yourself Argentine Bonds," he was advised.

"Or the new Brazil Scrip is worth having as an investment."

"Why not the 1902 Japan Loan?"

"The country might default."

"Not it!" cried The Broker. "With Great Britain and the United States morally at the back of it, the country will always pay its interest. They are remarkably cheap bonds, considering the security."

"Bulls ought to confine themselves to China-shops," commented The Jobber, swinging himself out of the compartment.

THE RUDGE-WHITWORTH REPORT.

The report of the Rudge-Whitworth Cycle Company for the year ending Aug. 31, 1903, is again a triumph for Mr. C. Vernon Pugh, the Managing Director, who in a few years has carried the Company from a struggling existence into the first place in the bicycle world. Not only is the (of late) usual dividend of 10 per cent. paid, but a bonus of 5 per cent. in addition, while £10,000 is added to the reserve and over £5000 increased balance carried forward. The balance-sheet is an eminently satisfactory document, with hardly a soft item in it.

The goodwill is taken at about a year and two-thirds' purchase, and against even this modest sum stands the reserve fund, so that both Preference and Ordinary capital are represented by solid, realisable assets. To anyone who has studied the balance-sheets for the last five years, the improvement is most striking and speaks volumes for the business capacity and management of Mr. Pugh and his colleagues.

THE BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT AND PRIVATE PROPERTY.

The report of the Espirito Santo and Caravellas Railway Company, an enterprise carrying on business in Brazil, has just been issued, and contains a very astonishing statement to which the Government of Brazil would do well to give some answer if it desires its reputation and its credit to be maintained in this country.

The Espirito Company owns a small railway and property, the Trapiche Reis, at Rio de Janeiro. We are not concerned with the railway at present. It is only a small affair, which will, perhaps, one day be absorbed by the Leopoldina system, but with regard to the Trapiche Reis the alleged action of the Brazilian Government is so outrageous that we feel bound to call attention to it.

It appears that in Brazil a not unreasonable law exists that, if the Government requires private property for purposes of public improvement, it has for years been entitled to take possession of it on payment of twenty years' purchase of the assessed value. Now the property of the Espirito Company and of other persons is required for the improvement of the port, and directors of the Espirito Company allege, although we can hardly believe it, that the Government have introduced a Bill into the Brazilian Legislature reducing the price to be paid from twenty years' purchase to between twelve and fifteen years'. We do not wonder that the Board of the Espirito Company have asked for the assistance of the British Government.

Saturday, Oct. 17, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

OATS.—The less dealings you have with the touts whose circular you send us the better for you. The high-sounding title under which they trade is enough to stamp them as dangerous.

SCOTIA.—(1) The answer to "Oats" applies in your case. What on earth attraction can there be in dealing with touts who trade under aliases, and carry on business on top-floors of houses in by-streets? (2) The Chemical Company is a first-rate concern, but the price is high. (3) A gamble. If you would buy on a day of depression and take a modest profit the next, you might make a trifle out of the Yankee Rails.

MARDAN.—It is pretty well a case of tweedledum and tweedledee, for in any general revival all four shares would rise. You have the article you want this week.

NOSLEN.—The shares are, for everybody except insiders, a pure speculation. We do not like them because the whole gamble has been engineered by persons mixed up with the management, and they have played with loaded dice. The profits last year were, of course, abnormal and not likely to recur, and the passing of the Preference dividend is enough to account for the fall.

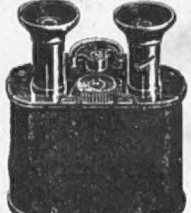
SIRTO PARIS.—North-Westerns and Great Westerns might do. For our own money, we should prefer good Argentine Rails, such as Rosario Ordinary or B.A. Pacific, which have room for a good rise. Mexican Railway First Pref. are very cheap. We have sent you the broker's name.

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THE "BORDERLAND OF DEAFNESS."

It seems remarkable that many people who have defective hearing refuse to believe that they are deaf. Although such a defect may be slight or only noticeable when the afflicted person has a cold in the head, and may not seem worthy of attention, yet such a condition will, of a certainty, become actual deafness if neglected. In fact, the Aurist finds it most difficult, in many instances, to determine when the ear ailment began, and consequently looks with great suspicion upon the slightest degree of defective hearing as placing the afflicted person within the "Borderland of Deafness." The Editor of *The Review of Ear, Nose, and Throat Diseases*, in the last issue of this medical journal, goes into this subject thoroughly; and, for the sake of those who may be interested, will send, post free on application, a specially written paper on Tests of Hearing, and the Prevention and Cure of Deafness. All applications should be addressed to The Editor, Drouet Institute, 10, Marble Arch, London, W. The Editor advises patients, however, when possible, to visit the Drouet Institute for a personal consultation with the medical staff. Consulting hours are—in the morning, 10 to 12, and in the afternoon, 2 to 4, weekdays only. A fee of five shillings is charged for personal consultations.